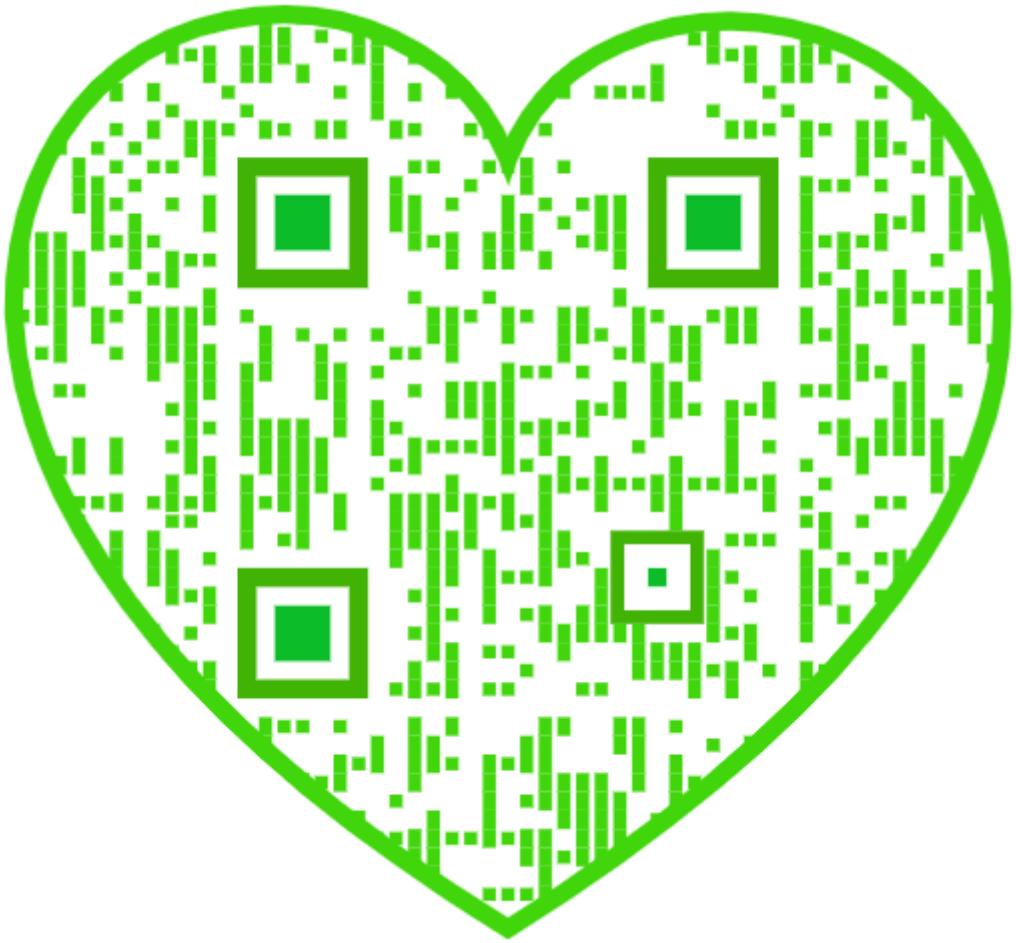

AYTON PRIORY;

OR,

The Restored Monastery.

BY THE

REV. JOHN MASON NEALE, B.A.

LATE SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE;

AUTHOR OF "HERBERT TRESHAM," AND "AGNES DE TRACY."

"Thou gettest fables none ytold from mee:
For Paule, that writeth unto Timothee,
Reproveth them that weiven sothefastenesse,
And tellen fables, and swiche wretchednesse.
Why sholde I sowen draffe out of my fist,
When I may sowen wheat, if that I list?
For all, I say, if that you list to heare
Moralite, and vertuous matere,
And then that ye woll yeve me audience,
I wold full well, with CRISTE's reverence,
Doen your pleasure. . . . .
And therefore, if you list, I will not glose;
I woll you tell a little tale in prose."

CHAUCER. *The Parsone's Prologue.*

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PREFACE.

THERE is, perhaps, hardly any subject which has recently occupied a larger share of the attention of Churchmen, than the possibility and expediency of a revival of the Monastick System. Hints have been dropped, and papers circulated, recommending a return to it: but the former have been, for the most part, vague, and the latter have entirely confined themselves to generalities. The following tale is intended, as well to set forth the advantages, and all but necessity, of the re-introduction of monasteries, as to suggest certain practical details connected with their establishment and subsequent working.

It is put forth on the part of the writer with feelings of the greatest diffidence; not because he entertains any doubt as to the truth or reality of the views he has advocated, but from a sense of his own inadequacy to support them as they ought to be supported, and from a fear that his having undertaken such an office may be regarded as presumptuous.

The recommendation of a re-adoption of the system must, of course, proceed from our spiritual fathers, before it is seriously taken up by the inferior clergy or laity. Nor must we shut our eyes to the fact, that however much monasteries were the boast of the unreformed, and might be so of the reformed, Anglican Church, any step taken towards restoring them would, by some, be regarded with suspicion, by others, viewed with the greatest aversion. So intimately are they, in the minds of most, connected with the corruptions of Romanism, that it will be a matter of great difficulty to make the contrary clear. Though we may again and again quote the universal testimony of the early Church in favour of the monastick life, though monasteries abound in those Churches which view Rome with as much dislike as does the most bigoted Protestant, though we may bring forward passages in which Divines of all classes, in our own Church, have spoken of their re-introduction as a desirable thing, from Bramhall and Thorndike down to Latimer and Burnet, the prejudice against them will be as obstinate, the outcry as clamourous, as ever.

A positive recommendation from the highest authority in the Church will doubtless, in time, overcome opposition; till then, it may, perhaps, be

allowable to endeavour to show its unreasonableness, and to point out some of the many advantages which a revival of the old system would bring with it. It seems also allowable to consider some of those matters of detail, such as the question of vows, and the connexion of religious houses with the parochial system, which must some day be settled, and on which there is a difference of opinion, even between those who agree on the main subject. The writer desires to assume no higher a tone in discussing these topicks than is consistent with that obedience which a priest owes to his superiors, and that deference which he is desirous of evincing towards his brethren; and the conversational form in which his pages are thrown, may sufficiently show that he has no desire either to dictate or to dogmatize.

While he can only wish that some more able hand had undertaken the task, he trusts that, if he shall not have succeeded in benefiting the cause it was his wish to support, he will, at least, escape being one of those injudicious advocates, who by their folly sometimes defeat or delay a scheme involving the interests which they thought to serve.

The points on which the following pages chiefly insist are these:

That the Dissolution of monasteries under Henry

VIII. was a horrible crime; as involving not only the deepest sacrilege, but also cruelty to the tenants and injustice to the founders: that sacrilege has always been regarded, even in its lower degrees, by the Church, as one of the blackest of sins: that the curse by which every religious foundation was guarded, has followed the spoilers and their descendants, in a most remarkable manner, to the present day: that the defences urged in exculpation of Henry's proceedings, from the superstition, and abuses of monasteries, are totally false in point of fact, and if they were true, irrelevant to the matter: that the Dissolution was forced on, not approved by, the Church: that the testimonies in favour of the general good discipline of the dissolved houses is the stronger, as coming from the parties most interested in their downfall: that monasteries have from the earliest times existed in every branch of the Church: that the blessing of the intercessory prayer constantly made in them is incalculable: that the Church system, involving nightly, as well as daily, supplication, can no where else be fully acted out: that a body of men, deeply read in ecclesiastical history and controversy, and surrounded by an atmosphere of Church feeling, would be fostered in them, which would be ready to oppose any new at-

tack of heresy or infidelity: that colleges cannot, in this respect, possess the same advantages: that self-discipline could in religious houses be practised more regularly, and closer communion with GOD be more attainable: that they would be invaluable as abodes for young men between their leaving the University and entering on the cure of souls, as supplying a course of training, intellectual, moral, and religious: that aged priests might be thus provided with an asylum, who now, though physically unequal to their duty, must either retain it, or be reduced to poverty: that important ecclesiastical works might here be undertaken with the advantage of uninterrupted opportunities and leisure, hallowed by religion, and a division of labour: that an asylum would be furnished for such as were without friends, or who, in the decline of life, wished to devote all their time and thoughts to the preparation for their approaching change: that those, who are immersed in business, or otherwise entangled in worldly pursuits, might here, in such seasons as Lent or Advent, find a place of salutary retirement: that the diminution of personal and other expences on the part of the inmates would set free a large portion of wealth for the service of GOD: that the poor might be tended in them, both spiritually and corporeally; education

carried on upon strictly sound principles; funds for church-building amassed; and church artists trained in devotional as well as professional habits.

The writer has only to add, that he could have wished to give a list of instances in which sacrilege has been signally punished in this world. But such a list, to be of any value, would have swelled this little volume far beyond his designs. Sir Henry Spelman's works will amply furnish such an one: and it is the writer's hope to publish at no distant period a collection of 'GOD'S judgements on Church Violators,' as well from those, as from other, sources.

FUNCHAL, MADEIRA,
Ember-Saturday in Lent, 1843.

CORRIGENDA.

The absence of the writer from England must excuse several errata, of which the following are the most important:

Page			
—	4,	line	4, *for* portraietures *read* pourtraictures
—	9,	—	6, *insert* and *after* vice
—	29,	—	15, *for* antlers *read* anthers
—	37,	—	5, *point thus*; some left for ears, some auditors, need.
—	83,	—	11, *for* band *read* kind
—	—	—	21, *for* sticketh *read* skilleth
—	89,	—	14, *for* setting *read* selling
—	122,	—	14, *after* attached *add* to you
—	125,	—	24, *dele* in
—	135,	—	4, *for* examiners *read* examinees
—	—	—	9, *for* leave *read* leaving
—	151,	—	8, *for* gay *read* grey
—	183,	—	3, *for* waiting *read* writing

AYTON PRIORY;

OR,

THE RESTORED MONASTERY.

CHAPTER I.

> . . . pure and uncompounded beauties blesse
> The mansion with an useful comelinesse,
> Devoid of art: for here the architect,
> Did not with curious skill a pile erect
> Of carved marble, tuch, or porphyry,
> But built a house for hospitality.
> The lord and lady of the place delight
> Rather to be, indeed, than seem in sight. CAREW.

THERE are few prettier villages among the lovely hamlets of England than that of Monk Teynton, as it meets the eye of the traveller, when he first gazes on its tall spire and quiet valley. You have the picturesque village street, with the red sandstone of the cottage walls, the well-thatched eaves, the thick chimneystacks, the trellised porches; you see, beautiful even in its ruins, the village cross: and the cot-

tagers' gardens, trimmed into quaintly shaped beds with borders of box, are gay with roses, or honeysuckles, or dahlias, according to the time of year, and betoken a kind landlord and industrious tenants. The grey old church, with its steep roof and intricate windows, and glass tinged with all the hues of the rainbow, is a rich prize to the sketch-book of the lovers of architectural beauty; and opposite to it, but half concealed by a shrubbery of birch, and laburnums, and lilac, is the modest parsonage, with its green gate and shady gravel walk. Beyond it, the lane winds on by the side of Teynton Park, a worthy example of what the seat of a country gentleman should be. Here are the sunk fence, the undulating expanse of turf, the giant oaks or chestnuts that stand here and there like solitary sentinels, the red fallow deer that glance in the sun, as they hurry from one glade to another, the old Elizabethan house, with its square-headed windows, stone mullions, and Corinthian doorway, the preserve of game, the silvery river that glides winding through the park. Well might the noble mansion and the broad demesne sometimes force from the passer-by the thought—Sir John Morley must be a happy man.

But that which, in the opinion of the good folks of Monk Teynton, was the glory of their village—and they were right—was Ayton Priory. It had been a Cistercian house, and occupied, as such always did, the loveliest spot for miles around. Situated where the river, by a sudden bend, left a "coin of van-

tage" for such a building, the modest refectory and lofty church tower were reflected in the quiet waters; and the cloister ran across them on a bridge of three fair arches. Many a religious man, sick of the vanity and tumults of the world, had here dedicated the evening of his days to GOD; many an one, happier than he, had here rested him all his life long; and many, whose labours of love had endeared them to the villagers around, but whose piety and humility were known only to their Maker, slept in the hallowed aisles, and left behind them only their names, and their humble prayer for mercy. The prior and monk were laid side by side; and some, who had borne arms for the cross, and signalized themselves by deeds of valour against the cruel Saracen, craved as a favour to "lay their bones beside the bones" of the ecclesiasticks. The last prior but one, filled as it were with a presentiment of coming evil, caused the words to be added to his brazen legend, "For ye tender mercie of Jhesu let them rest in peace."

With a hundred other richer foundations, Ayton Priory was bestowed by Henry VIII. on Lord Cromwell; and the agent whom he employed in turning the estate into money, gloated over the treasure which the abbey church presented to his sacrilegious eyes. "I think," so he wrote to his infamous employer, "that your lordship did never see more curiously wrought work, both of tapestry and hangings, embroidery and vestments, pixes and thuribles, chalicys and lamps, than bee in this place. I have thought fit

to make a note of such, to the intent that your honour may know both its riches and my diligence. There were eight great tombes of alabaster, diversely carvyd with cherubim and saints, also with the portraietures of them that were buried in them, all wrought to the life. These, with notable payns, we brake down o' Monday last; and the alabaster I did give to Gregory Digges, the bricklayer, for his trouble, to make lime of. Also ten or twelve brasses, which we tost up, and which bee for the melting pot. Item, five chalicys, silver gilt, set with rubys stones; a reliquary, chacyd very curiously, and inlaid with certain gemmes. Item, two crosses of golde, and three of silver. Now we are a pullyng down the lead from the roof, of which I shall in due tyme advertise your honour. And so," continued the impious wretch, "I commende you to the keepynge of Almighty GOD."

Verily, "it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living GOD": and so both the spoilers of our abbey churches and their inferior agents found, when it was too late. In this world, they for the most part perished by miserable ends, leaving a name clogged with infamy, and a family oppressed by beggary; and in the world to come—but it is not for us to anticipate the judgments of Him to Whom vengeance belongeth.

For three hundred years, Ayton Priory passed in rapid succession from one family to another, and seemed, into the possession of whomsoever it might fall, to bring misfortune and ruin with it. It became

the property of a county family of wealth and influence—in twenty years not a member of it survived: a nobleman, charmed with the situation, brought to it his young bride—in a few months the mother and her infant were committed to the same grave: an admiral, high in the esteem of his country, purchased it—next year he perished with Sir Cloudesley Shovel: it passed to a merchant, one of the princely traders of our country, and shortly after he was ruined in the South Sea bubble. It had lately become the property of a Colonel Abberley. With his character, as well as with that of some other personages of our tale, we shall make the reader acquainted, by introducing him to the dinner table of Sir John Morley, and to a party assembled principally for the purpose of affording the Colonel an introduction to some of his future neighbours.

The ladies had withdrawn: the setting sun, just visible above the chestnut avenue which led to the house, shot a rich yellow glare on the dark oak floor and roof of the old dining-room, on the old family portraits with their heavy gilt frames, which ornamented the walls, on the quaintly carved sideboard, an heirloom from the days when mahogany was brought over as ships' ballast, and on the stone chimney-piece, wrought in all the curious elaboration of Elizabethan art into angels and monsters and flower-wreaths, and bearing conspicuously the Morley legend, "Time tryeth Trothe," and the Morley arms, which, for the sake of our heraldick readers, we will

emblazon as accurately as Sir John himself, a great amateur in heraldry, could wish. They were, sable, a bend or, in chief a lion passant gardant of the second: the last being an honourable augmentation, won by a Morley, for some feat of prowess performed at Agincourt.

Besides Sir John Morley himself, who, with his tall muscular figure high forehead and bright eye, seemed yet in the full vigour of his strength, although more than a few grey hairs were to be seen on his head; and Col. Abberley, whose spare and well-built form, and dark complexion, showed clearly how many of his days had been spent in the field; there were Charles Abberley, the son of the latter; Mr. Wallis, the Vicar of Teynton, a clergyman who, had his youth been thrown in a time when the Church was putting forth her energies, might have proved a more efficient soldier in her ranks, but who was now almost past active service; Mr. Trenton, who, having amassed a considerable fortune at Birmingham, was now endeavouring to pass the remainder of his days in the pursuits and amusements of a country gentleman; Sir Thomas Underby, a baronet of very ancient family, and of the envied creation of 1611; and lastly George Morley, Sir John's second son, who, as curate to Mr. Wallis, took on himself all the responsibility of the parish management, and who was eventually, the living being in Sir John's gift, to succeed to its actual incumbency.

"And so, Sir John," observed Mr. Trenton, "you

expect your son from Cambridge next week, I am told. I am glad of it with all my heart; nothing like setting a man up for himself and giving him something to do. There are so many, now-a-days, that like to spend the best part of their lives in getting knowledge that can turn to no earthly use, that I am quite glad Mr. Morley is not to be one of them."

"Why," replied Sir John, "I believe my son's time has been as well spent at the university as it could be: he has laid in a good stock of sound learning, and better than that, the discipline of mind and formation of good moral habits he has gained there, will stand him in good stead all his life. But he and I agreed, that as he is to be a country gentleman, as his father before him, and as he does not, thank God, want a fellowship for his support, it was hardly worth while for him to sit for one. If he succeeded, as I am told he would, he must have deprived some one, perhaps equally worthy of the honour, and needing the emolument more; and if he failed, why, in his case there was so much time thrown away."

"He has remained there, however," asked Col. Abberley, "some time since his degree—has he not?"

"He has," returned Sir John: "it was his wish; and I had no objection. George, on the other hand, was anxious to enter on his work as soon as might be; and I was very glad that he should."

"And most assuredly," added Mr. Wallis, "I am

very glad that he has. The labour of the parish was getting quite beyond me; one sermon a week, I think, is as much as any man can undertake, and some of my parishioners were eager for two. Then the visiting I felt, in wet weather especially, very troublesome; and Mrs. Wallis was continually telling me that I was not sufficiently careful of myself. So, on the whole, I think myself very fortunate in so efficient and valuable a helper as my friend on the other side of the table."

The truth was, that Mr. Wallis's inactivity, partly the natural infirmity of increasing years, partly the besetting sin against which he had never sufficiently struggled, had been a source of great triumph to the Dissenters. The Wesleyans, ever ready to profit by the weakness of the Church, had been enabled to enlarge and beautify their conventicle; a small Independent meeting-house had sprung up, and proselytes were added to each of the sectarian bodies. Nor could this be matter of wonder. Mr. Tomkins, of the *New Connexion*, and Mr. Jupp, of *Cave Adullam Chapel*, both in their visits to the members of their respective congregations, and in their sermons, gave ample proof that they were, at all events, in earnest; Mr. Wallis, on the contrary, never visited a parishioner except in case of extreme danger, and then only when he was sent for; and as to his morning discourse on the Sunday, it was much of such a description as might have been delivered by an enlightened follower of Plato. If he did not, with

Paley, actually say that such expressions as a new creature, a new life, a new man, meant "nothing at all—nothing, that is, to us, and in our circumstances;" nor, with another divine, that Socrates was "made wisdom and righteousness" to mankind; he contented himself with exhortations to avoid vice—to follow virtue, since even heathens had agreed that the former was misery, the latter, happiness: he exhorted his hearers to do their best, and to trust to a merciful GOD, and not to doubt but that if, on the whole, their virtues preponderated over their vices, He would accept the one and overlook the other.

This kind of preaching, though not calculated to do much harm among a poor and illiterate congregation, who could not understand above one sentence in five, was as little likely to retain those in the fold of the Church, who were daily exposed to the temptations arising from the more attractive forms in which schism displayed itself. When Mr. Tomkins, following the cowardly and most deceitful craft which will eventually render Wesleyanism a bye-word even among other schismaticks, declared that Wesleyan Methodism was not dissent from the Church, nor schism in it, but the offspring of an extraordinary outpouring of the Spirit of GOD; when Mr. Jupp dwelt on the liberty of extemporary prayer, and the privilege of a free ministry, not set aside by man, but acknowledging an immediate call from GOD; how were the villagers of Monk Teynton to meet these arguments? The trumpet gave an uncertain sound;

and who could prepare himself for battle? All that were really earnest-minded among them, with one or two exceptions, fell off into the ranks of schism; the careless and worthless, who were content with any form of religion, retained that in which they had been educated, since a change would have involved some trouble. Of course, the character of the respective parties was an additional cause of glorying to those who were in arms against their Church.

Mr. Wallis, finding that the defections increased weekly, after having in vain had recourse to the expedient of making his extracts from Tillotson, and Clarke, and John Taylor, larger than usual, determined on preaching a sermon in defence of the Church. This production he elaborated with extreme care, and hoped that a considerable effect would arise from it. He began by stating that the origin of every government was from the necessity felt for every individual giving up some of his own liberty, political, moral, and religious, for the safety and good order of the whole; that the government thus formed was henceforth the representative of the state at large; that it was charged with its welfare, and must answer for its happiness. Consequently, that this government, after a fair and candid view of all religions, would choose that which it thought most likely to be conducive to the publick weal; that, for example, after inquiring into the principles and pretensions of Paganism, Mahometanism, and Christianity, it would probably feel inclined to embrace

the latter; that among the various persuasions included in this common name, it had made choice of Protestant Episcopacy; that to Protestant Episcopacy, therefore, it was the duty of every good citizen to conform; that there were, indeed, those who from conscientious scruples were unable to do so, and that such were no doubt perfectly justified in serving GOD as they thought best, since, doubtless, all worship, if it come from the heart, is equally acceptable to the Supreme Being; but that where conscience interposed no obstacle, for the sake of peace, good order, and good citizenship, individuals should conform to the established religion.

This discourse, though it seemed to produce no further effect in the parish, than the delivery of sermons at both the meetings against the discipline of the Church on several succeeding Sundays, was yet considered by its author as so convincing, that he could not resist the temptation of committing it to the press. It was his first and last publication: and he was not a little surprised on receiving, some short time subsequently, his publisher's account, with a *per contra* of only six sold copies; copies which Sir John Morley had considered it but a mark of proper respect to purchase.

It was at this season that George Morley entered on his parish work, as Mr. Wallis's curate. He was eager at once to commence the daily service; but the rector, instinctively opposed to all change, and perhaps actuated by a little natural jealousy of his

future successor, would not hear for a moment of such a proposal. Nor was it without considerable reluctance that he allowed the church to be opened for service on saints' days, and that he gave his consent, if this (to use his own expression) should be "found to answer," to the commemorations of Wednesday and Friday in a similar manner. Indeed, to say the truth, Mr. Wallis felt considerable apprehension as to the tendency of certain of his curate's doctrines. Having passed all his days in the seclusion of a very retired living, and having confined his theological reading within very narrow limits, he was by no means prepared for the bold and uncompromising claims which George Morley put forth in behalf of the Church. Not that he found anything in them to which he could object; on the contrary, as he had latterly begun to doubt whether Dissenters could successfully be met with any weapon in his own armoury, he was glad to be furnished with some which promised to stand in better stead. Still, when he heard of the graces which it had pleased God to bestow upon man being laid up for him in the Church alone; when he found the Power of the Keys vindicated to Her Ministers, to the exclusion of all others, he began to reflect, that either the ground he had formerly taken was miserably low, or that now occupied by his curate most dangerous and false. Yet he had the satisfaction of finding, that though met with the greatest opposition, his curate not only succeeded in maintaining his own position, but gradually appeared

to win back some of the more reasonable separatists to the Church, at the same time that he raised the tone and standard of churchmanship to a far higher stage than they had previously occupied. But to return.

"I had a singular visit to-day," said Sir John, "from a man, Mr. Wallis, whom you must know only too well; I mean Jupp, the Independent preacher. He came to ask me to allow a Teetotal Festival to be held next week in that field of mine by Collard's end: there is to be a procession, he tells me, and musick, and banners, and I know not what else. The association, it seems, has met with no great success here, and they wish to create a sensation."

"I presume," observed Mr. Trenton, "that you made no difficulty in allowing the meeting to take place on your ground."

"Indeed, it would not be in accordance with my principles to allow it," answered the other: "and so, much to the man's disappointment and chagrin, I was obliged to tell him."

"Well now!" remarked Mr. Trenton, "I must say that I cannot comprehend your objections to the scheme. It seems to me a most excellent method of winning the lower classes to habits of sobriety; and it certainly has been attended with the happiest effects."

"My father probably thought," said George Mor-

ley, "that to make a scheme desirable, the means as well as the end must be right."

"The means are right enough in this case," replied the merchant; "people who have been in the habit of indulging to excess in liquor, find that by entering into an engagement with each other, they are able to resist the temptation better than they could do separately: no harm in that, is there? And as to the processions and musick, why, if the poor wretches take a pleasure in the thing, why not let them have it, and welcome?"

"Oh! I have no objection to the procession, and the musick, in the world. But what I think extremely objectionable, is the banding together of men to bind themselves by an unauthorized vow to *that*, which by the strongest of all vows they are already bound to. It is paying a deference to human contracts, which they will not pay to the express commands of GOD."

"You speak," said Col. Abberley, "as if the only vow which is taken by these people were the abstaining from intoxication. But it is not so, of course: to cut off all temptations to it, they bind themselves by a vow which they have not already taken, and which, as entailing a degree of sacrifice which proves their earnestness, I look on as very laudable."

"I cannot think that Churchmen have a right," replied the Curate, "to take upon themselves a vow

not authorized by the Church. Depend upon it, if they would wish for a fair field in which to exercise their temperance and sobriety, She has provided them a more spacious one than any which they can find for themselves. When we see them acting up to Her injunctions with respect to weekly and occasional fasts, then it will be time to inquire whether any further modes of self-denial are requisite or desirable."

"I quite agree with what you say respecting the unauthorizedness of new schemes of self-discipline," remarked Sir Thomas Underby: "but you cannot expect me to agree with you as to the unlawfulness of private vows, otherwise I should be denying the advantages of the monastick system."

"I only said," returned George Morley, "that vows appeared to me unlawful, when unauthorized by the Church, and taken by a party as the badge, or as in this case as the vital principle of that party. I do not see why private vows should be unlawful: nor do I conceive, though I desire to speak in submission to the better judgment of others, that the monastick vow is unlawful, even if taken for the whole period of one's life, when authorized duly by the Church. Where it is not, as in our own branch of it, I do not see how it could be properly taken; but where, as in foreign countries, the Church has thought fit to allow it, I for one should take it without scruple."

"But," said Mr. Wallis, "a great argument with

me against the system is, that instead of enjoying the good things Providence has set before them, it leads men to throw them aside, as if they were better and holier for abstaining than for enjoying. Now such an idea seems to me quite at variance with the mild and beneficent spirit of our religion: and I ground my opposition to it on this consideration."

"We must, however," observed Sir John, "take care that we do not press that argument further than it will go; else we shall be met by the assertion of the duty of self-denial and self-controlment, even in lawful enjoyments, which assuredly is too much neglected in the present day. I think that the principle of singling out one vice, and binding men together in a league against that, has certainly a tendency to encourage men to make slight of others. We should see the folly of the thing, if we applied it to any other kind of crime. Suppose, for example, that a set of men, deeply impressed with the sense of the sin of stealing, should enter into an association to avoid it, and not only so, but to avoid all possible approach, or appearance of approach to it, should take a vow, not merely against abstracting, but against borrowing any thing from their neighbours."

"Laugh as you will," cried Mr. Trenton, "you cannot deny that infinite good has resulted from the temperance vow. Look at Ireland, for example; do you happen to know how much, since the success of Father Matthew, the duty on spirits has diminished there?"

"And do *you* happen to know," asked Sir John Morley, "how much that on opium has increased? Nearly, I take it, in the same proportion."

"We read," added his son, "of vast numbers that have taken the vow; I wish we were informed how many have broken it. We see in the reports of the different associations, assertions that very few have done so. Whether the gentlemen who write those reports are quite so particular in their use of the words *very few*, as less interested parties might be, I will not pretend to determine."

"Do you mean then to say," asked Mr. Trenton, "that no good has ever resulted from these societies?"

"By no means," returned George Morley. "But to show that good may have occasionally, or even frequently resulted from them, is only to say what may be said of many of the most dangerous and wicked systems ever devised. The fact is, that where teetotalism has had fair play, it has degenerated into downright heresy. In Cornwall, for example, teetotalers have meetings to themselves, not thinking it right to worship with those who disagree with them. Indeed, they would almost appear to exclude from salvation those who keep on in the old fashioned way; and against none is their language more bitter than it is against the poor temperance societies: the members of which will not carry the pledge to so great a length as their more violent brethren. And

it is a horrible fact, that in their profane imitations of the LORD's Supper, wine is not employed."

"With respect to Father Matthew," said Sir John, "I believe him to be a well meaning man, but his line of conduct is about as void of every due feeling for episcopal pre-eminence (allowing, for the sake of argument, his Church to be the true Church), as ever was displayed by Presbyterian or Independent. A simple Priest, he exercises a kind of hyper-episcopal function in every diocese where it may suit his fancy or convenience to go: he invents a kind of ceremony for the occasion, and seems to think that the efficacy of the pledge depends, not in the intrinsic virtue of an oath, but on the hands by which it is administered. To my mind, there is much in this that looks like vanity, hiding itself (perhaps unconsciously) under the cloke of doing GOD service."

"We are to remember, too," added his son, "that after all, this is but a new heresy revived; so true is it, that there is nothing new under the sun."

"To what heresy, Mr. Morley, do you allude?" asked Sir Thomas Underby.

"That of the Hydroparastatæ, if you recall the name," answered the other.

"I had forgotten their existence," replied Sir Thomas. "Certainly, it is singular enough that a new antidote to vice should turn out to be an old heresy."

"One might perhaps find it to be the case in more instances than this," said Sir John Morley. "We may take it for granted that there is no royal road to virtue, any more than there is to science. Shall we go up into the drawing-room?"

CHAPTER II.

Lament, lament, old abbeys,
The fairies' lost command:
They did but change poor babies,
But some have changed your land;
And all your children sprung from thence
Are now grown Puritanes;
Who live unchangèd ever since
For love of your domains.

BISHOP CORBET.

"Now that you are going to settle down with us, Robert," said Sir John Morley to his eldest son, a few days after the return of the latter to Teynton Park, and as they were on their way to Ayton Priory, "I hope we may be able to make one or two alterations for the better in the village. My time is so much taken up by my duties as a magistrate and by county business, and your brother is so much afraid, and it shows well in him to be so, of doing any thing which may seem to anticipate our worthy Vicar's removal, that in many respects you will be able to effect more than either of us. I wish we could put a little more energy into good

Mr. Wallis; as it is, I fear we must be content with getting his approval to our plans."

"I can assure you," replied Robert Morley, "I mean to sit down to the acquirement of a knowledge of my new profession, with as hearty good will as ever I did to Mathematicks when I was a freshman. But what is there which you think my help could be serviceable in, just at present?"

"I will tell you one thing," replied his father, "which has long weighed upon my mind. I have hitherto refrained from mentioning it to you, because it is a subject of importance, and I wished you to be in a condition to form an unbiassed judgement on it. I do not want you to give me a hasty answer; take your own time, if you feel any difficulty in making up your mind. You know well that the great tithes of Monk Teynton have been in our family for nearly sixty years. They were originally appropriate to Ayton Priory, and were not separated from that estate till your great-grandfather bought them from the Jolliffes, then its owners. Till lately, I had never bestowed much attention on the subject; or, if I ever felt a momentary scruple at enjoying a revenue which had once been solemnly appropriated to the service of God, I quieted my conscience by the thought that so long possession conferred a right, and that probably most estates were acquired, at some period or other, in a manner not perfectly just. Still, I must confess that I was not satisfied to see Mr. Wallis undertaking the duties

of a large parish for £400 a year, while I, from an estate originally intended for his maintenance in the cure, derive an equal income, and do nothing for it. Shortly after I came into possession of the estate, I offered, if he wished for the aid of a curate, to find the funds: this he declined, on the ground of being able to take the whole duty himself; but partly influenced, I imagine, by the desire of having things entirely his own way, and avoiding all interference."

"He made no difficulty, I think, when you proposed that George should become his curate, did he?" asked Robert Morley.

"On the contrary, he seemed very well pleased with the offer: but then the management of the parish was obviously getting beyond his strength. Had he had any family, it was always my intention to help them forward in the world in any way that he might wish; but as this was not the case, and as his expenses in the way of parochial charity were next to nothing, since he always had *carte blanche* from me, in relieving such cases as he might consider deserving, I did not feel called upon to offer any addition to his income. The rather as he has a tolerable private fortune."

"It seems to me," said the other, "that Mr. Wallis, however willing he might be to increase his income, is better off than the larger part of our parish clergy, and certainly no one can blame you for having acted in any way ungenerously towards him."

"But lately," continued Sir John, not heeding the interruption, "my thoughts on the subject have undergone a considerable change. At the time that the Church Revenues Bill was brought before parliament, I had occasion to go somewhat deeply into the subject. The result of my inquiries was, as you know, a conviction that, recommended by men whose motives I am bound to believe the best, and whose station and private character no one can reverence and esteem more than myself, that Bill fearfully approached to sacrilege. To divert money from the purposes to which pious founders and benefactors, now with GOD, had appropriated it, even though it were for the promotion of religion in another way, I could not but think most unjust to those who cannot now raise their voices in behalf of their own rights, most cruel to those who very willingly spent and were spent for us, and most dangerous by way of example to future depredators, and as checking many a benevolent impulse, lest the money designed for a particular charity might hereafter be diverted into a channel which the bequeather of that money would not approve. You know very well that these were my sentiments on this subject; and, as I remember, you quite agreed with me in them."

"I did indeed," replied his son. "I see to what you are coming; but I will not interrupt you."

"Well," resumed Sir John Morley, "if this were my opinion of the diversion of funds from one religious purpose to another, what, it struck me, must

be the guilt of those, who appropriate the wealth intended for the service of the Church to their own private use? And what, it naturally followed, have I been doing as a lay rector for so many years? Have I not been, in ignorance it is true, robbing GOD, and will not all that sum be required at my hands? The more I thought, and the more I read, the more sensible did I become of the danger of such an impropriation; and I can assure you that I quite trembled as I turned page after page of Sir Henry Spelman's 'History of Sacrilege,' and his 'De non Temerandis Ecclesiis.' It is my earnest wish to repair, as far as I am able, the wrong I have done: and so far as concerns the past, I am determined that I will. You know that I cannot alienate the great tithes from my estate without your consent: and it is on this subject that I determined to speak to you as soon as an opportunity should offer."

"You may be quite sure, my dear father," answered his son, "that any appropriation of money which you may feel it right to make, I shall be most willing to join in, even although I were not convinced of its necessity. The consideration, however, is not new to me. I can assure you that I have no hesitation whatever in taking any step which may be necessary to carry your plan into effect. But what were the means by which you intended to make good the sums you have already received from this appropriation?"

"I will tell you," answered Sir John, "after I

have first said how much I am gratified that you are willing to act with me, not only from a regard to my feelings, but also from a sense of the danger of having any thing to do with Church property. The income arising from the impropriate tithes is £400. I have been in possession of the estate nine and twenty years. I have therefore a sum of £11,600 to pay at once. The interest of this, at 4 per cent. amounts to £4,560. Therefore, I ought to reimburse the sum of £16,160 to the Church. The question is, how to employ the money. Now, doubtless, if sacrilege had never been committed, Mr. Wallis would have been in possession of this sum. Yet, I cannot think that I should be justified in putting it into his hands. It is an unfair way, generally speaking, to allow expediency to have any influence in a matter of pure justice, so that I will not argue as to the superior advantage of devoting that sum immediately to the Church: because, if it actually belongs to Mr. Wallis, however good the purpose to which I might destine it, I should only be committing a robbery on him. But, on due consideration of the matter, I am inclined to think, that in viewing him in the light of a steward of the Church's property—as every priest ought to be viewed, though I shall now lose no time in making over to him the future income derivable from the impropriation, I shall be acting more in accordance with Church principles, by devoting the accumulated sum of past years to the immediate furtherance of the interests of the Church,

taking care at the same time, to let it be known that I do not consider myself to be doing an act of charity, but a simple act of justice."

"And what do you then intend to employ the sum upon?" enquired Robert.

"This parish has of course the first claim upon us. Now at Ayton, we have a population of nearly seven hundred, at the distance of a full mile from the parish church; and who would be unable, if that church were filled as it ought to be, to obtain accommodation there. I propose, therefore, to build and endow a church for them. I shall endow it at first with £200 a year, hoping, if my life be spared, to be able, ere long, to add another hundred: and the £10,000 which will remain will not be at all too much for a church—though not of the largest size—as it ought to be built."

"I am quite delighted with the plan," cried Robert; "but I want to ask one question: have you mentioned any thing of it to George?"

"No," returned Sir John: "you were the first person to be consulted in the matter, and it was due to you that I should not previously mention it."

"I sadly fear, then," replied the other, "that George will never be vicar,—rector, I should say—of Teynton. I know him well enough to be sure that he would look on the giving up the impropriation as too much resembling a provision for him, if he ever derived any advantage from it. At least he would think that others might regard it in this light."

"I hope that he would not take this view of it: I am sure the world would not; though we may very safely leave it to form its own decision on the matter, without troubling ourselves to enquire what that decision is. But in the first place, Mr. Wallis may live twenty years yet: and in the event, George can only have a life interest in the restored impropriation: so that were my object only to provide for him, I should have gone to work in rather an expensive way."

"I shall be very glad if you can make him see it so; but I am sure he will have some scruples at first."

They were now entering Ayton Park: and the conversation turned on the family who possessed it. "I am sure," said Robert, "if the father be at all like the son, you must find him a great acquisition to the Teynton society."

"It is an odd coincidence, certainly, that you should have been acquainted at college. Yes; Col. Abberley seems a very pleasant gentlemanly man, without any particularly definite view, except on politicks, and there, fortunately, the right way. Young Abberley, of whom, however, I have seen but very little, I much like; indeed, I could hardly help doing so, on account of his very warm friendship to you."

"I do not believe there is a more excellent fellow in the county, be the other who he may; and I am glad, for all our sakes, that they are settled at Ayton."

By this time they were arrived in sight of the house: and well as they were acquainted with it, the father and son almost involuntarily drew their reins, to admire the beauty of the situation. It was a lovely morning in June: the remains of the old abbey to the left, the manor-house to the right, and the river seen between the two was bright in the rays of an unclouded sun. There was the gate-house, built by Prior Kirton, in the time of Henry VII., with its broad Tudor arch, octagonal flanking turrets, and mouldings of vine leaf and roses: the prior's rebus, a dog sitting on a barrel (Cur-ton), was wrought in the spandrels. A honeysuckle climbed up one of the angular turrets, and flung its long sweet arms over the grey stone. Beyond it you might see the smooth turf, once the great court-yard; the ruins of the refectory on one side, and the remains of the church on the other: there were the four massy belfry arches, springing out from a thicket of glossy holly bushes, though their ponderous superstructure had long since fallen in: there were the banded shafts of the nave pillars, with their delicate mouldings, and deeply hollowed bases: the choir arch yet remained perfect, and festoons of the pale flowers of deadly nightshade hung down from it: where the high altar had once stood, to which the soft turf still rose in undulating steps, was a black beech, with its smooth white trunk, and dark purple leaves: and through the intricate windows of the Lady chapel the flush of a pink Maybush might be

seen, as if in mimicry of the glitter of jewels which had once decked the same spot. There was also the old wall, now ruinous and blocked up with fallen rubbish: there was a room, called by tradition the abbat's parlour, there was the abbey barn, a noble cross structure: and the arches of the cloister bridge (mentioned before) that spanned the stream, and in the cool dark shade it threw across the waters, afforded a favorite retreat to trout, and small fish. The ground, as it sloped down to the river, was as soft and smooth as velvet: the water itself was fringed with a thick skirting of bulrushes, sedge, and irises: while on its surface floated many waterlilies, some white, with their silver petals and yellow antlers; some yellow, like little knops of gold. The house, a structure of the time of King James the 1st, was of the old red Ely brick, which, when exposed to the sun and storms of two hundred years, assumes so venerable an appearance; but in the well-carved fragments built here and there into the walls, it bore sad witness that the materials of the House of God had been appropriated to the abode of man. Fenced off by a sunk ditch and ha-ha from the rest of the park, it was sheltered behind by a thick wood of chestnuts; while the lawn in front was somewhat formally laid out in beds of various quaint shapes; circular, semi-circular, starlike, crescent-shaped, or diamond festooned. The sweet warm scent of an English June, the hum of bees, the song of larks,

and the whispering of the wind in the branches, made Ayton Priory seem to its visitors a perfect paradise.

Having ascertained from the servant that his master and mistress were at home, and ushered through the venerable old hall, and up the short oaken staircase, the banisters whereof were curiously carved throughout, and terminated in two lions, Sir John Morley and his son were warmly welcomed by Charles Abberley, who had not yet met his old friend.

"I was on the point," he said, "of riding over to Teynton to call on you: I have longed to do so, these three days, but I thought you would have quite enough to do without receiving visitors."

"I would have found time enough for you, Abberley, at all events," said his friend; "though certainly my days have been pretty well taken up in getting settled. But I think I have tolerably well succeeded at last."

"I am very glad to hear, Mr. Morley," said Col. Abberley, "that we are to have the pleasure of having you amongst us. My son takes the credit of not having intruded on you before to himself, but I can assure you that I had quite a difficulty in keeping him back."

"I don't know whether the young men of the present day read more than they used to do, Colonel," said Sir John, "but I am sure they buy more books than we could have afforded in our time. I sug-

gested to Robert the propriety of adding a wing to my house for his library; how he has contrived to dispose of it, I can hardly think."

While Robert Morley and his friend were discussing the characters and histories of college acquaintance, and Sir John was consulted by Col. Abberley and his lady on various points of local arrangement, Mrs. Laxington, a widow lady who resided at Teynton, and having a moderate income and nothing to do, was as well acquainted with most of her neighbours' concerns as they were themselves, was announced.

"How do you do, Mrs. Abberley? How are you, Colonel? Ah, Sir John, glad to see you here! Really, Mr. Morley, it is quite a treat to have you amongst us again. Hot weather this—is it not? good for the hay they tell me—but the walk here almost too warm. But I could not help coming, Mrs. Abberley, to thank you for our treat yesterday—don't know when I have enjoyed a day more; weather so clear and fine, and the place so pretty, and the party so pleasant; dear me! it was really enchanting."

"I am glad you enjoyed yourself," said Mrs. Abberley; "I left orders with the servants to give any assistance you might want."

"Thank you a thousand times—so they told me; but Mr. Tomkins is so clever at that sort of thing, that really we wanted nothing at all. A little picnic at the Abbey," she added, explanatorily to Sir John Morley, who looked as if he did not compre-

hend; "Mrs. Abberley was kind enough to give me leave to bring a small party; we came yesterday, and had dinner and tea: there was Mrs. Dixon, and her sons and four daughters, Dixon could not come: very clever doctor he is, Col. Abberley, has immense practice; he would have liked it of all things—but he had to ride over to Mr. Jones, at Studham—he is in a bad way, I am afraid. They say he had three doctors with him last Friday—enough to kill any man, I think, and so I told Mrs. Dixon—but that was my little joke, you know, Colonel; well, that was six; young Tomkins, seven; Mr. and Mrs. Turner and Miss Turner, ten; John Williams and his sister, twelve; myself, thirteen—who else was there? I know there were fourteen, because we had put down thirteen at first, and then young Tomkins laughed, and said it would not be lucky—so clever of him, now, wasn't it? and then, you know, Mrs. Abberley, though I am quite above such old superstitions, one never knows what may revive them—and one *has* heard strange things come of them; however, as I said to William Tomkins when we went out, don't you think, I said, that I mind any of that nonsense—but the more the merrier—and the dinner that will do for thirteen will do for fourteen. 'Oh no!' he said, 'I never thought you would care for such foolery—fit enough for the old superstitious fellows who built this place, but not for us now-a-days.' But, as I was saying,—who was the fourteenth? Oh! I know, old Mrs. Wyndham—

a good old body she is—and as it is not often she goes out holiday-making, I thought it would be a charity to ask her, and so I did."

"I hope you found no inconvenience from your expedition," said Col. Abberley, by way of saying something.

"Oh dear, no: we came early—some walked, and some came on donkeys; then the young folks had a good game at blindman's buff in and out of the church and the square—I am sure I leant against one of the old pillars and laughed till I was fit to die: and William Tomkins, so clever he is at making fun of everything, took off the odd ways of most of them as they played; and then we sat down to dinner under the old beech, and a very good dinner it was; it came in a donkey-cart—I had it cooked myself—and my servant Betty had all the trouble of getting it; (I always deal with Clarke, Mrs. Abberley, his mutton is a halfpenny a pound less than Jupp, and, I think, just as good,) then after dinner we had singing, and the gentlemen made speeches, and then they got up a little dance, while I made the kettle boil—and we all sat comfortably down to tea, and so came home about eight o'clock."

"I think we passed you," said Mrs. Abberley, "as we were returning from Studham, where we spent yesterday."

"Very likely, I think. Oh yes! I remember passing a carriage, and I said to young Tomkins, —whose can that be? It can't be the Abberleys, I

said, because they would hardly come back so early, but so it was you, after all? Well, you know, they say the abbey is haunted, and so, going back, Tomkins told us all manner of horrid ghost stories, till some of the girls were so frightened, that they hardly knew whether they were standing on their heads or on their feet. Now, I said, William—(I always call him William, Colonel, for I've known him ever since he was in arms)—I've promised to bring back these young ladies safe, and I won't have them frightened, I said, out of their senses. 'I frighten a lady?' says he—you know he is always very full of his compliments, 'I'd rather lose my own senses,' he says, 'than do that.' I suppose, Mr. Morley, you don't know young Tomkins?" inquired the lady abruptly.

"I think," said Robert, "I saw him once last winter, walking about in one of those rough coats which seem designed to bring a man as nearly as possible to the state of a bear; but further than this, I have not the honour of his acquaintance."

"Well, but Col. Abberley," said Mrs. Laxington, "I really quite want to hear what you think of us as a neighbourhood. Fine preacher, Mr. Wallis, isn't he? and I am sure, Mr. Morley, your brother made me cry so last sermon, that I hardly knew how to sit it out. Then, Mr. Jupp is a most excellent man, though I can't say I quite entirely agree with him, for you know, Sir John, I call myself a very good Churchwoman; but then, as I say, let's agree to differ on such little points; and old Mr. Tomkins,

too—there isn't a village in England better off than we are for preaching. And a sweet pretty place, isn't it? I am sure, as I was saying the other day to Betsy Smith, (and that reminds me, Sir John, to speak to you about poor John Smith, he has just lost one of his cows, and I was thinking of getting up a subscription for him, poor fellow, for he is a deserving man, I am sure), and, as I was saying to his wife, Well, Betsy, I said, if you are not thankful for being in such a village as this, I don't know, I said, who ought to be."

Sir John Morley, who was well aware that Mrs. Laxington's reminiscences of Monk Teynton were apt to be spun out to considerable length, now rose to take leave. Charles Abberley followed him, and said, as they walked across the garden,

"I am quite sure, Sir John, from what I have heard you say myself, and from what I know of you from your son, that you feel these constantly repeated desecrations of the abbey as painfully as I do. My father, I know, does not approve of them; and I earnestly begged of him not to allow Mrs. Laxington's pic-nic to be held in the ruins. He was half disposed to listen to what I said; but he has a great dread of unpopularity, and as a similar permission was never refused by our predecessors, and as our good neighbours seem almost to claim the favour as a right, he was unwilling to displease them by interfering to put a stop to their enjoyments. Perhaps, if ever the opportunity should offer, you would not

mind speaking to him on the subject, I am sure a word from you will have great weight with him."

"You are quite right in thinking that I mourn with you the desecrations to which the priory is exposed," replied Sir John. "If I should ever be able to put my view of the case before Col. Abberley, I certainly will."

"Thank you," returned the other; "I was sure you would not think my request an intrusion."

"I quite pity that young man," said Sir John Morley to his son, as they rode back. "Were he but in a better situation for moral improvement, I have seldom seen one who I think would develope into a more valuable character. We must do what we can for him, Robert."

CHAPTER III.

Is this of Joel a proclamation for liberty of preaching, that all, young and old, menservants and maidservants, may fall to it? To this sense hath this Scripture been wrested by the enthusiasts of former ages, and still is: all flesh may not be cut into tongues: some left for ears some auditors need. Else a Cyclopean Church will grow upon us, where all were speakers, no body heard another. *Prophetabunt* must not make us forget *invocat*.—BISHOP ANDREWES, III. s. 11. 4.

IN the history of the county in which the scene of our story is laid, and under the head of Monk Teynton, we read: "The Independent chapel, erected in 18—, is a neat building of the Ionic order; the present minister is the Rev. John Jupp." The history of this place was a curious specimen of the way in which dissent is generally introduced into a village. There was a certain farmer Harris, a man well to do in the world, and a professed Churchman, who had on some occasion incurred a rebuke from Mr. Wallis, a most unusual exhibition of authority on his part, for some open and scandalous crime. While determining to be revenged on his vicar, he felt that

to join the Wesleyans, whom he had all his life been in the habit of opposing, by way of keeping up his only claim to be considered a member of the Church, would be impossible. He therefore for some time not only abstained from going to Church—he had hardly ever gone there before—but strictly forbade all members of his family to attend publick worship either there or at the "New Connexion." At last a method occurred to him, by which he could at once manifest his defection from the Church, provide for a member of his own family, and, if the speculation answered, secure himself from incurring any expense in the promotion of these objects. It happened that a relation of his wife's, who had hitherto been a kind of hanger-on in the family, had acquired considerable reputation in the little market-town of Studham as a lecturer. His first attempt in the profession had been a series of six lectures, on the Doctrine, Discipline, and Emoluments of the Establishment: in which he proved, to those who would believe him, that the Church cost the nation twenty millions a year; that to exact from the enlightened spirit of the present age a subscription to doctrinal articles, was repugnant to every principle of reason and philosophy; that tithes and church rates were in the highest degree tyrannous and antichristian; that the voluntary system was the only one which could possibly promote vital Christianity; with various other assertions of the same kind, made somewhat unscrupulously by gentlemen who depend for their subsistence

on their power of popularity. He next acquitted himself with such credit in a series of anti-corn-law lectures that the ——shire Reformer of the following Saturday had this paragraph:—

"On Tuesday evening Mr. Jupp delivered his last lecture on the subject of the corn trade, to a crowded auditory in the town hall of Studham. We regret that we have not space to follow the talented lecturer through the elaborate arguments by which he exposed the iniquity of the present system; but there is the less occasion for us to do so, as we understand that Mr. Jupp has been prevailed on, by the importunity of his friends, to give his lectures to the publick."

The latter hint, designed by the writer, who was no other than Mr. Jupp himself, as a *feeler*, having proved unsuccessful, and no other subject on which he could exert his lecturing powers at present occurring to him, he betook himself to Farmer Harris's, and had spent a fortnight there much more to his own satisfaction than that of his host. It was at this time that the thought of establishing his nephew as a preacher in the Independent connexion occurred to the farmer; and finding, on inquiry, that the young man had no objection to the plan, he proceeded to take steps for carrying it into execution. Mr. Gulliver, the Independent minister, or rather, to adopt the distinction drawn by a gentleman of a Bible Society meeting, on being spoken of as an Independ-

ent minister—"I beg your pardon, Sir,—the minister of an Independent congregation,"—was taken into council on the occasion, and suggested in the first instance an application to the "Voluntary Evangelical Association," setting forth the want of true Gospel preaching at Monk Teynton, and that a benevolent individual residing there was disposed to make considerable sacrifices, if help were obtained from other quarters. As Mr. Gulliver had considerable influence in that Society, the sum of £70 was voted for the erection of a chapel: an advertisement "To the Truly Benevolent," in the *Record*, produced £10 more; and the sum was made up to £100 by friends "of the cause," in and about Studham. Stubbing, the principal mason in that town, was then applied to, to give an estimate of the probable expense of a building calculated for the accommodation of 150 on the ground-floor, and to which galleries might be subsequently added, if necessary. Two hundred pounds was the lowest estimate, and Farmer Harris was considerably terrified by the prospect of having to disburse the half of that sum from his own pocket. But he was encouraged by his Studham friend, who observed, that a sermon preached by some popular London minister, would draw a large collection; and that the return on the principal laid out, would be sure and steady. He further offered to instruct Mr. Jupp in a few of the principal arguments by which his new position would

be successfully defended; and the latter, accordingly, was a constant sitter under Mr. Gulliver in Ebenezer chapel, and as constantly (that is, except at meal-time), an inmate in Mr. Gulliver's house. In the meantime, Farmer Harris having contributed a piece of waste land that belonged to him, and for which he could never find any use, the building advanced rapidly. To be sure three of its sides were plain enough, sand-coloured brick, with round-headed staring windows; but the fourth, which fronted the road, was adorned with four Ionic pilasters in stucco, copied from those in the market-house of Studham; and a door, neatly stained to imitate oak, was inserted between the interior ones. In two months the scaffolding was struck, and in three the building was ready to be opened.

Farmer Harris, on receiving Stubbing's account, amounting to £257. 16*s*. 7½*d*., gave vent to certain expressions, which came somewhat oddly from the mouth of the founder of a chapel: and he was hardly pacified with the news that Mr. Gulliver had persuaded a dissenting teacher of considerable eminence in London (and one, whose tomb, if he followed Sir Henry Wotton's example, would be inscribed with the words, "Here lies the author of that sentence, The Church of England has destroyed more souls than she has saved"), to preach the opening sermon. As the appointed Sunday drew near, the fame of the opening, and the rumours afloat on the subject,

were musick to Mr. Harris's ears. "Will you come and see *my* chapel opened next Sunday?" was the first question he put to almost all his acquaintance. And when, on the Saturday evening, the London preacher, alighting from the stage which passed through Studham, was met at the Bull and Gridiron by the farmer's taxed cart, and driven into Monk Teynton by his eldest son, then, indeed, the founder of the chapel felt that the proudest day of his life was approaching.

We shall again have recourse to the veracious print which we lately quoted for a description of that day's proceedings.

"On Sunday last, the 24th instant, the new Independent chapel of Monk Teynton was opened for Divine worship. We understand that it is entirely the erection of one munificent individual, John Harris, of Coolshut Farm, Esq. The poor of Teynton will thus at length have access to that Gospel which is preached to them, but from which Mother Church, in the plenitude of her care for her portly prelates and well-fed dignitaries, contrives in great measure to exclude them. The chapel was crowded to excess: and we were sorry to observe, that though a neat and capacious building, many were unable to find entrance. The Rev. —. ——, of London, preached. The eloquence of this devoted minister is so well known, that our praise can add nothing to his reputation: it was generally thought by his nu-

merous admirers that he surpassed himself on the present occasion. We observed that his voice faltered as he alluded to the exertions of the respected founder of the chapel, and the persecutions to which he had been exposed from the vicar of Teynton: and the conclusion of the discourse, in which he dilated on the various efforts now made, throughout the length and breadth of our land, by the partizans of the voluntary system, was at once touching and animated. The reverend gentleman addressed an equally large and attentive congregation in the evening, when prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Jupp, who is to have the pastoral superintendence of the chapel; and whose eloquent lectures on the voluntary system, and on the advantages of free-trade, must be fresh in the recollection of many of our hearers. The collection at the doors amounted to £7. 6*s*. 8*d*."

As a pecuniary speculation, the undertaking wore at the outset the appearance of a failure. The money, indeed, was unpaid; but Mr. Stubbing was clamorous, and the settlement could not be much longer delayed. Mr. Harris prevailed on three other persons to become, with himself, under the title of trustees, the owners of the fourth part of the chapel, each on condition, that after paying Jupp £25 a year, the revenue arising from pew rents should be divided equally. The first year's accounts, however, were hardly more favourable than those at the outset. They stood thus:—

Dr.	£.	s.	d.
To Carpenters, for repairing and mending the pews, where injured by dry-rot	23	6	0
To Bricklayers, for rebuilding the frontage, and restuccoing it	32	7	0
Minister's salary	25	0	0
Sundries	4	7	9
	£85	0	9

Cr.	£.	s.	d.
To eight pews at three pounds each	24	0	0
To five, at two pounds	10	0	0
To occasional collection	1	17	0
	£35	17	0
Leaving a balance *per contra* of	£49	3	9

And of this, Mr. Harris had to bear a fourth part. The trustees, however, consoled themselves with the reflection that the heavy expenses for repairing arose from the mismanagement or knavery of "that rascal, Stubbing," and would not occur again, and that in the meanwhile they could avoid the expense of a church rate, on the plea of being "conscientious dissenters:" knowing that the vicar was too fond of his own ease to bring matters against them to extremity. The second year of the chapel's account was now drawing to a close: and though the congregation had, since George Morley's accession to the curacy, considerably diminished, it was rumoured that it would be found "a paying concern."

"O, my dear Miss Morley," said Mrs. Laxing-

ton to Sir John Morley's daughter, as they met in the village a few days subsequently to the date of the last conversation, "I hope you mean to look in upon us to-night! I hear from William Tomkins, that there will be nearly two hundred, for certain, and there are to be some of the Studham band, and I believe one or two of the ministers from Studham, and I have been working my fingers off to make a gay flag; the stuff cost me two and sevenpence, if it cost a farthing, to say nothing of the time and trouble. By the way, let me recommend you always to get your needles at Hensman's at Studham, not at Smith and Paynter's. I used to deal with them, but their needles were always breaking; now Hensman's you may depend upon. But, as I was saying, I do hope you will come. I heard say, Sir John does not quite approve of it; but to be sure he can make no objection to your being there. I know that there will be a good many dissenters, and that you are rather particular as to mixing with them; but dear me! if we can't meet them on such ground as this, where is one to meet them?"

"Really," said Catherine Morley, "I don't understand what it is you refer to. What is this party of which you are speaking?"

"Bless me! is it possible you haven't heard? Why, to-night will be the first meeting of the Monk Teynton Teetotal Association: and we are to meet in the Independent chapel. Why all the village has known of it this week past. I know it was talked of at least as much as that ago, because when I was

down at Clarke's last Tuesday, he knew it well, and meant to shut up his shop this evening, on purpose. And that reminds me, my dear Miss Morley,—you know I have the greatest respect and esteem for your brother, and I think him an excellent preacher, and I am sure he is a very good scholar, and a very worthy minister. But do you know; now, I beg you will not be offended, for I really wish you well, and, as I said the other day to Sally Weeks, when I told her that her husband was the greatest rogue in the parish, Sally, I said, I only tell you so for your good; but as I was saying, don't you think he might be a little more cautious and guarded in speaking about dissent? Mr. Jupp sent to London lately for a little bundle of tracts which he thought might do good in the present state of affairs, when, as every one allows, there is the greatest danger from Popery and Puseyism, and he was kind enough to give me a quarter of a hundred. Stop; I think I have one or two with me; but I have given away a great number. O, yes! here it is:—if you like to keep it, you are very welcome to it."

Catherine Morley had never before seen one of the Protestant handbills published by Seeley: that now put into her hand was entitled, "What is Puseyism?"

"It is to say that the Apostate Church of Rome, the Antichrist spoken of in Scripture, is a true Church:

"It is to take tithe of mint, anise, and cum-

min, neglecting the weightier matters of the law:

"It is to insist on the introduction of obsolete and Popish vestments, of which Latimer, a glorious martyr, expressed his opinion that they were 'fools' coats:' and which Hooper, another glorious martyr, went to prison rather than wear:

"It is to pray to the Virgin Mary, instead of to GOD:

"It is to put tradition before the Scriptures, and the Fathers in the place of the Apostles:

"It is to pray for souls in purgatory:

"It is to traduce and vilify the glorious Reformation, on which the Established Church was founded:

"It is to deny salvation to all who are not members of the Establishment.

"'Woe unto you! for ye lade men with burthens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burthens with one of your fingers.'—LUKE xi. 46.

"'Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after CHRIST.'"—COL. ii. 5.

Accustomed to subdue a naturally high spirit, it was not without a struggle that Catherine forced herself to answer her friend, after having perused the handbill.

"Really, Mrs. Laxington, if you will excuse my saying so, I think that this is hardly the sort of

production to do much good in the village. Granting it to be all true, might not the same truths have been stated a little less bitterly? But it is not true: I am sure that no set of men, not even Romanists themselves, taught many of the doctrines which are here set down to the Puseyites, as you call them. Yet I do not wonder that Mr. Jupp is anxious to distribute these papers; for they are evidently written by a dissenter in heart, if not in profession; but you and I, Mrs. Laxington, who profess to love our Church, should hardly, I think, lend ourselves to disperse what is really written against it, though professing only to be directed against a party in it."

"Well now! you don't say so!" cried Mrs. Laxington. "I am sure I had no idea that there was any harm in the bill, or I wouldn't have distributed it for the world. Dear me! written against the Church, you say! Well, I *am* very sorry; and so, I'm sure, will poor Mr. Jupp be. I must tell him about it to-night at the meeting. But now, really, won't you be there?"

"You say yourself," said Miss Morley, "that my father objects to it; and that would be, you know, quite sufficient reason to prevent my going, even if I had no objection of my own to the whole thing."

"Well, I wonder to hear you say so," answered Mrs. Laxington. "I know you generally approve of whatever Mr. Wallis does, and he has promised just to look in—after the opening prayer, that is;

which he thought, considering all circumstances, he could not come to so well."

"I beg your pardon for doubting it," said Miss Morley, "but are you quite sure that you are correctly informed? Because I know that when Mr. Wallis dined with us the other day, he was directly opposed to your intended meeting."

"Quite sure of it, my dear Miss Morley; I met him just now down by Collard's End. I think he was going to call on Mr. Trenton, because I saw him turn up the lane afterwards—and that reminds me,—what a sad condition that lane is in. Hawkins, Mr. Trenton's coachman, told my maid Betty the other day, that in wet weather the horses could hardly get along: it's a perfect shame that the parish don't repair it—but, as I was saying, I met Mr. Wallis down there, and I said to him, 'Shall we have the pleasure of seeing you,' I said, 'for half an hour or so this evening?' 'Why yes,' he said, 'I think I shall look in. I did not intend to have done so; but I should give offence if I did not, and it will be expected, and so I think I shall.' So you see I have my information from the very best possible source. O! good morning, Mr. Morley: always busy in the parish! Well, I hardly know how you clergymen contrive to get through so much business. Visiting in the day, and sermon-writing in the night. I am sure it makes me tired only to think of it."

"I think I may return the compliment, Mrs. Laxington, as to employment: for that bundle under

your arm does not look as if you were very idle to-day."

"Indeed I am not," she replied: "I shall leave your sister to tell you the why and the wherefore. As for me, I've a hundred places to call at before the evening. Good morning, Miss Morley! I will let you know to-morrow how the thing went off, if I don't see you there: good morning, Mr. Morley! I've been giving your sister a word of advice for you —you must not be offended at an old friend speaking plainly, you know."

"Has she been talking to you about the tee-total meeting to-night, Catherine?" asked George Morley.

"She has, indeed; and she tells me, what I can hardly believe, that Mr. Wallis is to be there."

"It is unfortunately too true," returned her brother; "it seems he dined yesterday with Mr. Trenton, and was persuaded to join it, though I think he does not above half approve of it. He wanted me to go too, but I was really forced to tell him that that was perfectly impossible."

"Just look at this paper, George. It is an importation of Mr. Jupp's; and Mrs. Laxington has been busying herself in distributing them. Is it not perfectly shameful?" she continued, as the colour came into her cheek.

"Did you never see any of these before? Why, in some places they are as common as dust. Shameful! Yes: but I have seen many much worse than

this. I suppose Mr. Jupp begins to find, that when true Church principles are preached, however feebly and imperfectly, if only faithfully, schism must and will be weakened. But what was the advice Mrs. Laxington has been giving you about me?"

"O! that you should do more to conciliate the Dissenters than you do. She seemed terribly afraid to bring it out; but that was the sum and substance of her communication."

"I really am seriously vexed about this decision of Mr. Wallis's: for thinking that he did not mean to go—who could think otherwise after what he said the other night?—I spoke much more strongly on the danger and harm of such associations than I should otherwise have done: so now I shall have the credit of setting up against my own vicar, and judging and condemning his proceedings."

"Well, really, George, it is his fault and not yours. I almost wonder the Dissenters were so anxious for the credit of his name."

"What do you think they are going to do at Studham?" inquired George.

"What is it? A teetotal meeting on a grander scale than the Teynton Association can attain?"

"Something worse than that. It seems that the funds of the Studham Dispensary are in a very bad condition; and as there appears no hope of an increase in subscriptions, one of those musical performances of which we have lately heard is about to be given in the church. My father has just told me

the news; and as he thinks that he may have some influence there with Mr. Fortescue, he is gone over to see what can be done. Look! there is young Abberley riding up to our house! I want much to speak with him: so, if you are coming in, we will go together."

"I am very sorry to hear about these doings at Studham: but I do hope, when the impropriety of the thing is set before Mr. Fortescue, who is not an obstinate man, that he will yield to reason. At all events, it was like papa to do what he could against it, and to do it directly."

CHAPTER IV.

Of the base court of the Temple said our SAVIOUR, Have these things hence! Much less is it to be unhallowed with dances, morrises, meetings at Easter, drinkings, Whitsun ales, Midsummer merrymakes, or the like: nor by stool-ball, foot-ball, wrestlings, wasters, or boys' sports. If such abuse hath been committed, say by whom, [at] whose procurement, countenance, or abetting.

BISHOP MONTAGUE.—*Visit. Art.* p. 46.

THAT evening Sir John Morley, on his return from Studham, detailed the result of his expedition. It was unsuccessful. Mr. Fortescue was sorry, very sorry, that any one, and especially any one whose opinion and advice he valued so much as that of his excellent friend Sir John Morley, should object to the scheme, and perhaps, had he known earlier that such objections were entertained, it would have induced him to reconsider the subject. But at present it was too late—quite too late: the committee had been selected, the bills were printed, (Sir John had noticed them on every blank wall within a mile of the town,) the tickets were struck off, and some were

sold, and the principal singers were engaged. It would be quite impossible to alter the arrangements: Mr. Fortescue could only regret, that entered into as they were for a charitable object, any part of them should be considered reprehensible. So Sir John Morley returned, with the belief that the desecration must take place.

After giving the history of his morning occupations, he proceeded to tell his family, having previously made Lady Morley acquainted with it, his plan of giving up the impropriation which he held, and of refunding the money already received by him from it, in the building and endowing a church at Ayton. George Morley could hardly find words to express his joy and thankfulness; and his sister, though she had never before considered the subject, was not likely to differ from the opinion of her father and brothers on a point of Church discipline. Sir John, having already written to his solicitor, now employed himself in preparing letters to Mr. Wallis, and to the Bishop of the diocese. The rest of the family pursued their usual occupations, though somewhat interrupted by the riotous noise of the teetotal meeting, the Cave Adullam happening to be situated just outside one of the park gates.

A circumstance, however, occurred at Studham, which seemed to throw some difficulty in the way of the musical meeting. There lived in the town a retired tradesman, Mr. Wingfield by name, but usually called old Tom Wingfield. He was a bachelor, and

a man of somewhat eccentric habits, but withal well-meaning, and, after his manner, a good Churchman. As he had been mayor more than once, and was known to have more money than his style of living might seem to indicate, he had a good deal of influence in the place. Mr. Wingfield, having seen from the bills with which the town was placarded the plan and nature of the festival, felt himself much aggrieved thereat; inasmuch as he thought that, being a parishioner, he had full and perfect right to enter the church whenever it was opened to the publick; and by no means approved of a system which would compel him to pay for what was freely his own. Being in the habit of acting on his determinations without loss of time, he presented himself at the shop of Mr. Parker, the churchwarden, much about the time that Sir John was in conversation on the same subject with Mr. Fortescue. Mr. Parker's shop was the most fashionable in all Studham: he was the principal bookseller and stationer, and also had a musick warehouse. Here you might see a large advertisement of "New musick at half price;" there were one or two cabinet pianos, and an old Erard's harp, on sale or hire; there were some flutes and accordions exposed to view; and all the musical instruments in the town, and for ten miles around, were under the especial care and superintendence of Mr. Parker. It was he, who to gratify his own taste for performing on the violin, and that of his daughters for exhibiting their skill on the harp and piano re-

spectively, had suggested the scheme of the musical festival, and was now very actively employed in carrying out the necessary arrangements.

"Mr. Parker at home?" asked Mr. Wingfield, presenting himself in the thick coat, and with the knotty oaken stick, which were his inseparable companions at all seasons of the year.

"Mr. Parker *is* at home, sir," replied the shopman, "but he is particularly engaged. Can you leave any message with me, sir, for him?"

"If he's at home," returned the other, "I'll thank you to tell him that I want to speak to him on particular business. Do you hear?"

"I'll tell him so, sir: but I'm really afraid he can't be spoken with just now—he's so very much taken up about our musical festival. Signor Belladonni is with him at this instant, sir."

"I'll wait till he's at leisure, then; but see him I must and will. Tell him that, sir, if you please."

The man presently returned, requesting the visitor to follow him. Mr. Wingfield was accordingly ushered into a back parlour, where sat Mr. Parker. Signor Belladonni, and the Misses Parker, who, beringleted and tricked out in the height of Studham fashion, were occupied in an eager discussion on some piece which it was proposed to perform on the grand occasion.

"My dear sir," said Mr. Parker, "you come in a very busy time; but for the sake of an old friend one would do anything. They tell me that you have

some particular business with me. Is it anything of a private nature? else, perhaps, we may as well discuss it here?"

"The more that hear what I have to say the merrier, so far as I'm concerned, Mr. Churchwarden. I hear that you are going to have a musical performance, a festival, or what you may please to call it, in your church; is that the case?"

"Certainly, sir, it is;" replied the other.

"So far, so good. And I hear that you mean to exclude all who don't take one of your tickets?"

"Undoubtedly, sir; such is our intention."

"Humph! And you call *that* charity?"

"Why, sir, you know the trouble of getting up the thing is great—very great indeed: and we contribute our time and labour to the institution—an excellent one it is."

"Ay, and put your hand in your neighbours' pockets for the money. Well, when I profess to give, I *will* give."

"Sir!" said Mr. Parker.

"Well, I came here to-day, to say that I intend to be there myself, sir."

"I am sure," replied the bookseller, "we shall be most glad to have your countenance in the undertaking. Allow me to remind you, however, that the sooner you provide yourself with a ticket, the better: the reserved seats are almost all gone."

"I mean to come without a ticket," responded

Mr. Wingfield, looking under his eyelids, to see what effect this announcement would produce.

"Ha! ha!" said Mr. Parker; "always fond of a joke, Mr. Wingfield. Seriously speaking, however, you may be inconvenienced if you delay making your purchase."

"Upon my word, Mr. Parker, I am in earnest; I mean to come, and I mean to come without a ticket."

"My dear sir, the thing is impossible. We have given express orders to the beadles to admit no one without a ticket signed by myself and my friend Ross, as secretaries of the festival."

"Well, Mr. Churchwarden," said Wingfield, buttoning up his coat, and looking very obstinate, "we shall see. You throw open the church on a publick occasion. I, a parishioner, present myself for admittance—you refuse me. If that's law, I'm a fool: and if it's not, some other people are. We shall see. Good morning." And out went Mr. Wingfield, leaving the assembled party somewhat astonished at his sudden exit, and singular (to use their own term) delusion.

Mr. Churchwarden Parker happening to meet his colleague, Mr. Ross, that afternoon, and mentioning the interview he had had with "old Wingfield," they were struck with the thought, "What if there should be anything in the objection raised?" And as they were near the rectory, they determined to step in,

and hear Mr. Fortescue's opinion. That gentleman appeared considerably staggered with the consideration, and asked whether Mr. Wingfield seemed determined to persist in his resolution.

"I never saw a more obstinate man, sir," said Mr. Parker: "I really believe that he will make an uproar, if we do not find some way of stopping his mouth."

"What say you," asked Ross, "to presenting him with a ticket? Surely he will give us no further trouble, and the loss will not be much."

"Why," suggested Mr. Fortescue, "that would be rather a dangerous precedent. We should have, I fancy, a good many other parishioners as much set on free admission as this somewhat particular person."

"The best way then would be, perhaps, to admit him without a ticket," said Mr. Parker, "if he is troublesome."

"Perhaps," added the rector, "in the first place, we had better know whether we can legally keep him out, in case he will not pay. If we find that we cannot, and I assure you, gentlemen, I have my doubts on the subject, we will take care that the matter does not become publick at least till the tickets are sold. I will see Mr. Hutchinson this afternoon, and learn his opinion; and if you will look in towards eight o'clock, I will let you know the result. How goes on the sale, Mr. Parker?"

"We have nothing to complain of, sir: out of our

two thousand tickets, we have disposed of nine hundred; and that includes most of the reserved seats, and they are still going off very well."

"That's right," replied the rector. "I have been speaking to the carpenters, and they tell me that by beginning early on the Monday morning they can make sure of having everything ready by Wednesday; so that we need not be uneasy on that score."

While these proceedings were going on, Mr. Wingfield was taking steps of another kind. Our readers will remember that we do not propose this somewhat eccentric personage as a subject of imitation; we are merely, as faithful historians, describing what his proceedings actually were on the present occasion. He called at the cottages of one or two labourers whom he knew to be out of work, and fixed an hour for them to call on him "for a job." As soon as they were come, he said:

"Now, my boys, I'll tell you in two words why I've sent for you. There is going to be a great display of musick, as you know, next Wednesday, down at the church. They mean to keep out every one who does not pay ten shillings for a ticket. Now they have no more right to do so, than I have to keep any of you out of your own house. They will be liable to an action if they do it. Every parishioner has a full right to go to church whenever it is thrown open, without paying a farthing. Now I will give each of you, and as many more as you can find who want to earn a little money, half a crown each to do

as I shall tell you. The doors are to be opened at ten o'clock. A little after I shall go there, without a ticket, and try to get in. If they refuse, I shall tell them that I am a parishioner; and if they keep me out, it will be at their peril. Do you do the same, one after another, and quietly, mind you. Bring your wives and children with you, if you like—so much the better. But, mind—no noise—no row of any kind—don't try to get in by force. Dick Holmes, bring me a list of any others—say five and twenty or thirty, that will be willing to do the same, by Tuesday evening next; only you must take care that they are all members of the parish, else they would have no right to the church." Having given them a few more cautions on the necessity of behaving with order and decorum, Mr. Wingfield dismissed his coadjutors, charging them at the same time not to spread the news further than they could help.

Punctual to eight o'clock, the churchwardens called on the rector, and received from him the news, that it was out of the question for them to exclude legally any parishioners from the proposed meeting.

"We might very well let in Mr. Wingfield the first day, and trust to good fortune that the idea of a right to come would not enter into any one else's head," said Ross: "but then, what's to become of us on the Thursday? Every one would be pressing in, and the tickets would be just no use at all."

"If you will leave me to manage it with him," replied Parker, "I think I will answer to settle the whole thing comfortably. I know Wingfield pretty well, and if I can get hold of him the right way, I will bring him round."

"I think we cannot do better," observed the Rector: "and the sooner you see him, Mr. Parker, the more to the purpose. To-night it is almost too late; but to-morrow morning you could perhaps accomplish it."

"Certainly, sir;" answered Parker. And the churchwardens left the rectory.

True to his word, the musickseller was ushered into Mr. Wingfield's parlour at ten o'clock the following morning, and found that gentleman engaged, as his custom was, over his newspaper.

"I am very sorry," he began, "that you should have been led to entertain any feelings hostile to our proposed plan, Mr. Wingfield: I had hoped that we should have been enabled to enlist you as one of the friends of the cause."

"What cause, Mr. Parker?"

"The cause for which we are making this effort; I mean, sir; the Dispensary, which, as our excellent Rector stated in his last charity sermon, is now nearly £200 in debt; and for which, so far as I can see, this is the only chance of regaining a flourishing condition."

"Well, Mr. Parker, I *am* a friend to the cause. I

subscribe my guinea annually: and I am ready, if it is really needed, to put down my ten pound note towards the hospital fund."

"O, sir! no one for a moment doubts your liberality whenever a sacrifice is called for: but at present the case is different. We have hit upon a plan which involves no personal sacrifice, and which will benefit the institution more than any individual could. Nevertheless, you take a different view of the subject: well—that's all perfectly fair—you your way, I mine—that's true liberty. If you have any objection to supporting our festival, I am sure you will do me the favour to accept a ticket. You will be very much pleased: the professionals are all first rate—and our own singers muster pretty strong. I should be sorry any old friend of mine should be excluded from so inviting an opportunity, which will probably never occur again."

"Come, Mr. Parker, fine words butter no parsnips. You have found out that, with or without a ticket, I have a right to come. Come, sir, confess it."

"Really, sir, you have such an odd way of looking at things. I can assure you that I have the greatest pleasure in offering you this ticket; you know it would be perfectly out of the question for you to think of getting in without it; may I hope you will make use of it?"

"Well, sir, I am obliged to you. What time am I to be there?"

"Perhaps you will do me the favour of breakfasting with me previously. I expect a few friends whom you will be pleased with."

"Well, sir, I shall have great pleasure in doing so. What time shall we say?"

"It must not be later than half-past eight; for we begin at ten, and there will be a good deal to settle in the church first."

And after a few more parting words, Mr. Parker left the house, and made a flattering report of his success to his colleague and to Mr. Fortescue.

We must now take a glance at the affairs of Monk Teynton, which we may seem to have forgotten.

To describe the surprise of Mr. Wallis, when Sir John Morley acquainted him with the design he had formed for restoring the impropriation, would be quite impossible. He seemed to doubt whether he heard aright; and when assured of the fact, his expressions of astonishment and of gratitude were mingled together in a most ludicrous manner. The letter from the Bishop was in the same dignified strain of praise as that in which Archbishop, then Bishop Williams, acknowledged a similar good act on the part of Mrs. Ferrar, the mother of Nicholas Ferrar. The deeds were placed in the lawyer's hands; the technical difficulties respecting the foundation of a church at Ayton were met; and the whole affair put in progress. Much conversation took place from day to day on the arrangement and

design of the new church: and it was determined, with the consent of the Bishop, that the ceremony of laying the foundation stone should be attended with some fitting expression of Church feeling. Of course, the opinions of the neighbourhood were different as to the merit of the work; but while most (with the exception of Messrs. Tomkins, Jupp, and their congregations, and Mr. Trenton, who thought, as he phrased it, that "the demand for religious instruction in that spot did not authorize the production of the article") agreed that the design itself was excellent, all condemned the principle on which Sir John acted. To surrender his impropriation, because it *was* an impropriation, seemed to them little short of madness: and Col. Abberley observed to some gentlemen who stood up in favour of the proceeding, "Never tell me, sir, about the man's duty! why, what should *I* do then with my abbey?"

In the mean time, the musical festival approached rapidly. Tuesday evening came: the "celebrated light post coach" to Studham deposited the principal singers at the Bull and Gridiron; galleries of all kinds were erected in the church; Mr. Tappet, the upholsterer, had given his final touches to the arrangements in which he was concerned; the churchwardens had pronounced the whole "a splendid combination of taste, elegance, and economy." Mr. Fortescue suggested one or two alterations, which were promptly attended to: and all the persons principally concerned retired to rest with the happiest anticipations,

and with the knowledge that almost all the tickets had been disposed of.

At half past nine on the following morning Mr. Parker, with his breakfast party, among whom was our friend Mr. Wingfield, went into the church.

"Sweetly pretty indeed!" said one of the ladies, whose talents were soon to "electrify," as the County Herald phrased it, the numerous visitors: "sweetly pretty, really, Mr. Parker, that arrangement," pointing to the orchestra, which projected half way down the church. "But don't you think that curtain will deaden the voice a little? I'm not particular—but I really must trouble you to have it removed."

"Certainly, with the greatest pleasure. Dickson, will you step up and see to that?"

"I say, Parker, this bench will never do," cried a gentleman in the gallery. "Your carpenter has fixed it so near the front, that I can't sit down without breaking my knees."

"It shall be altered, sir, directly. If there is any other change any lady or gentleman can suggest, I am sure I shall be most happy to attend to it?"

"A most energetic person, Mr. Parker, is he not, sir?" inquired the first speaker of Wingfield. "In the whole of my professional experience, I never saw so much talent combined with industry and perseverance; and the energy with which he devotes himself to the cause of your most admirable charity, is praiseworthy in the highest degree."

"Humph! All's grist that goes to the mill," replied the party addressed.

"What a strange old gentleman that is!" whispered the other to one of her lady friends.

"Who, and what is he?"

"I'm sure I don't know: but Mr. Parker asked me as a favour to be particularly civil to him; so I suppose he is some one of importance. I will try him again.

"It must be very gratifying to you to see the support which your friend's design has received from the gentry of Studham, sir."

"The support, ma'am, will be greater than you think for," replied Wingfield.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," cried Parker, "you had perhaps better come into the vestry. It is close upon ten o'clock, and the doors will be thrown open presently."

Into the vestry the party accordingly went; which, being of considerable size, was partitioned off into two rooms, so as to accommodate the ladies with a separate retiring apartment.

"Dickson," said Parker, "how comes it there is no table?"

"Beg your pardon, sir," said Dickson: "it entirely escaped my memory. What had I better do?"

"Why, I don't know," replied the Churchwarden: "what do you think, Ross?"

"Why," said Ross, "there's the Communion Table: —no one wants it—why not bring in that?"

"Excellent idea: you must make haste, Dickson. I suppose it will get in at the door."

So the Altar was brought in: and by the time that it was thoroughly fixed in its new position, the fine old bells chimed ten, and the doors were flung open. Carriage after carriage deposited its load at the porch; there were the jangling, and quarrelling, and oaths of rival coachmen; the chaises, flies, gigs, and taxed carts of the various inns were all in requisition: now you might see the portly farmer, in his Sunday suit, following his feathered and flounced wife and daughters, to whose urgent entreaties he had been forced to yield; now it was the sober tradesman, with his family, seduced by the unusual excitement into an extraordinary holiday; now it was the newspaper reporter, smiling his way in, and then gazing with a critical eye on everything and everybody; now—shame that it should be so—the clergyman of some neighbouring village entered the desecrated building; now the country squire and his lady took their place in the reserved seats. Mr. Parker from time to time made his appearance, nodding and smiling to such as he knew, politely inquiring after the accommodations and comfort of those with whom he was not acquainted; and Mr. Wingfield remained in the vestry, not joining in the frivolous conversation of its occupants, but gazing with the utmost perseverance on the brick wall which, at a distance of some three feet, circumscribed his view.

"Miss Baltimore," said Parker, re-entering the

room for about the hundredth time, "I think, if you are ready—it is almost our time—Mr. Styles is already at the organ, and the audience are growing impatient. Will you do me the favour of taking my arm?"

"Mr. Parker, sir," cried the principal beadle, rushing into the vestry, "pray step this way, sir; we are all in an uproar at the door. Here are John Moore and Tom Henderson, and some five or six others, who swear they are parishioners, and have a right to their seats, and that they will take the law of us if we keep them out. What are we to do, sir?"

"Do!" said Parker. "Why go and tell them that I shall send the constable to look after them, if they don't make themselves scarce. Now, Miss Baltimore."

"Beg your pardon, sir," said the beadle, "but I have told them so already. I don't know how to keep my place there, sir; you really had better speak to them, sir."

"This is tiresome enough," said Parker. "Here we are past our time already: I really cannot go to them: send the police at once, either to drive them off, or put them in the round-house."

"Hark ye, Mr. Parker!" said Wingfield, who had been an attentive listener to this dialogue, "if you don't let those men in, I hope and trust they will bring an action against you: and if they don't, why I will. That's all."

"Mr. Wingfield," cried Parker, in a voice between rage and surprise.

"That I will, sir, as sure as my name's Tom Wingfield."

"Do it and welcome, sir. You can't touch me for it."

"Mr. Hutchinson said differently the other day—didn't he? Take care, Parker; take care! You're a clever fellow—but you'll find your cleverness no use in this case."

"Mr. Parker," said Mr. Fortescue, entering hastily, "what *is* the reason of this delay? It has gone a quarter past eleven; and it is only because they are in a church, that people have not given some audible token of their displeasure."

"I don't know where to turn, sir," said Parker. "Here are some rascals at the door, who say they have a right to come in, as being parishioners; and when I desire Smith here to send the police to them, Mr. Wingfield says he'll take the law of me if I do."

"Run, Dickson," said Mr. Fortescue, "and ask Mr. Styles to give them some overture—the sooner the better. Now, Mr. Wingfield, I must say I think this very unneighbourly and unfriendly in you. Supposing that we cannot, according to the letter of the law, shut up the church from any parishioner, you surely need not set on these fellows, and encourage them in their riotous conduct."

"Have they a right to a place, sir, or have they

not? that's the question. If they have not, nothing that I can do can hurt you: if they have, a pretty charity it must be that leads you to make people pay for what's their own, and with their money support your institutions."

"If you persist in taking this view of the case, I suppose we must give way; but allow me to observe, that you at least have no right to speak about charity—we have, at all events, given our time and labour—you have given nothing at all."

"I took the liberty of sending up a twenty pound note to the treasurer last night, as a proof that no ill will to the charity makes me act as I have done to-day."

"Then why, in the name of wonder, Mr. Wingfield, do you annoy your fellow parishioners, and injure the hospital to the utmost of your power?"

"Because, sir," replied Wingfield, "I will not see the name of charity thus prostituted. I will not allow this building, dedicated to the service of God, to be desecrated by being perverted to profane uses. I will not, if I can help it, patiently submit to these wholesale alterations of galleries, and orchestras, and pit. Look at that table, sir, and tell me where it came from!"

"Well, sir," said Ross, "have your own way! Call in all the tag, rag, and bobtail of the place, if you please; our hands are tied. You know your advantage, and will use it. Your fellow-townsmen will know how to use you henceforward."

"Am I to let the men in?" asked the constable.

"Oh yes! all the town if they please. I've nothing more to say," cried Parker. "Now, Miss Baltimore, we *must* come, if you please."

That was the first and last musical festival at Studham.

CHAPTER V.

O my GOD, make them like unto a wheel, and as the stubble before the wind;—Who say, let us take to ourselves the houses of GOD in possession.—PSALM lxxxiii. 13, 12.

Thou that abhorrest idols, dost thou commit sacrilege?—ROM. ii. 22.

If these men die the common death of all men, or if they be visited after the visitation of all men, then the LORD hath not sent me.—NUMB. xvi. 29.

IT happened that on the following day Col. Abberley and his son rode over to Teynton Park. It was the first time that they had visited Sir John Morley, since his determination had been known, and the conversation naturally turned on the subject.

"Sir John," said the Colonel, "I am sure, we at Ayton cannot sufficiently thank you for your munificent design of giving us a church there. I can assure you it is hardly anywhere wanted more. As we pass through the village on Sundays, we see the men lounging about with their pipes in their mouths, the women setting their houses to rights, the wretched children screaming and playing about the street, just as if they were not in a Christian land. I speak

within bounds, when I say that not a dozen attend any place of worship whatever."

"It is a sad example," observed Lady Morley, "of what I have frequently heard remarked; that wherever the Church exercises no influence at all, and consequently, as not existing, cannot be supplanted, the dissenters are never to be found. But where the Church's influence is small, so that a successful rivalry can be set up, there they swarm."

"We have certainly no dissenting place of worship at Ayton," replied Col. Abberley, "whatever the reason may be. I have often wondered that you should have two here, where you are so well off in the Church. But I hope, Sir John, you will allow others to contribute either to the building fund, or else to the endowment."

"Most willingly, Colonel Abberley; and with the greater pleasure, because the funds which I am able at this moment to appropriate to it, will be barely sufficient for both. But I must request it as a favour, that you will not speak of the thing as an act of charity, but of simple justice. I feel that I have, for many years past, been appropriating to myself, property to which I have no right: and having thus, in a certain sense, been committing robbery on the Church, the least I can do is to restore that which I have, though in ignorance or inadvertence, appropriated."

"I am sure, Sir John, your intention throughout whole matter is so praiseworthy, that every one

is bound to respect your scruples; though I will frankly tell you—and I am sure you will excuse my liberty, for I am really speaking as a friend—that I consider them misplaced, or at least excessively overstrained. And, from what I can learn, the sentiments of the neighbourhood coincide with my own. You know we have several lay rectors around us: it was only yesterday that Mr. Suttley, of Otterbourne, was speaking to me on the subject, and he seemed quite indignant at the reflection, which, as he thought, you had cast on him. I merely mention this, by way of proving that you have certainly done an unpopular thing, and one of which the opposite party will not fail to take advantage in contesting the county."

"To tell you the truth, Col. Abberley, in acting as I have done, the consequences by implication did not occur to me. But if they had, they could have had no possible influence on my conduct; because I only acted out of a principle of duty. I am, of course, sorry, that any one should impute wrong motives to me; I only wish that I could persuade my neighbours to follow my example."

"But now, Sir John, seriously speaking, you cannot mean to assert that all landed proprietors, who possess property which was once the Church's, are bound at once to surrender it to the Church again."

"If it has not been in the first instance fairly purchased from the Church, you mean: yes; I have

no doubt as to what line of conduct every such landowner ought to pursue."

"But consider, in what inextricable confusion many estates would be plunged! How few families are there, who in some one branch or other were not enriched by Church plunder at the Reformation! According to your system, it would be necessary first to examine what grants were made of abbey lands by Henry VIII. to your family at that time. A hundred to one, most country families would find that some part of their property came under this category. But supposing they were fortunate enough to escape this danger; then we have to trace what estates have been acquired since, by purchase or otherwise; and whether they ever belonged to any of the dissolved religious houses. Because, if so, it cannot matter through whose hands they have since passed; they *are* yours, they *were* the Church's, and you must therefore give them up."

"I quite agree with you," said Sir John. "I think every conscientious landowner ought to make such an enquiry as you have mentioned. You will not however find many country families in possession of Church estates, granted to their ancestors by Henry VIII: and that for the very sufficient reason, that hardly any such families now exist."

"You do not mean that their failure in so long a period of years has at all arisen from their connexion with this property? What a triumphant argument you put into the mouths of Romanists!"

"Let us take care, Col. Abberley, that we do not give them a real ground against us, by defending, and upholding, and thus making ourselves partake in the sins of the Reformation. We have, in itself, a good cause: why weaken it, if not ruin it, by apologising for what admits of no apology. You would not act so in your own profession: you would be forced to confess, that a general, defending an indefensible post, deserves death by the universally allowed laws of war."

"But only consider what this leads to. You allow that monasteries were excellent institutions: that the spirit of the Reformation was a bad one: that the Church has been implicated in the sin of sacrilege ever since, and to all human likelihood, will be implicated in it to the end of the world. Now what is the fact? We know from good authority that the state of the monasteries was awful—they were the hot-beds of all kinds of iniquity—they were founded out of false and superstitious motives, and were the chief means of keeping the land in the darkness and ignorance of popery."

"Let us allow for a moment that monasteries were such as you represent them. Their abuse did not render them less dedicated to God. Grant that they were founded on mistaken motives—that cannot render them profane. We have a most remarkable instance of this in the Holy Scriptures themselves. Who can imagine a case in which we should have thought a dedication to God to be null and void,

if not in the offerings of Dathan and Abiram? Here were laymen and schismatics setting themselves up against the religious ceremonies, and priests of GOD, and making use, in their unauthorized and scandalous ministrations, of certain golden censers. Those who argue on your side of the question would certainly pronounce these polluted in the highest degree. But what was the case? Why, GOD himself pronounced them to be holy: and ordered that the altar should be plated with the gold arising from them. Many excellent men have thought, that on the conversion of any heathen land, it is not only highly expedient to employ the revenues and possessions of the idol temples in the service and for the establishment of Christianity, but that it is sacrilege to put them to any other use. I am disposed to think that even this extreme view of the case is right: how much more were the religious houses—I mean taking even your view of their foundation and abuses—holy? But do not let us excuse the miserable selfishness of the present day, by imputing motives to our ancestors by which they were not influenced. Very few, comparatively speaking, of the abbeys were founded on a dying bed: but if they had been, does not our own Church command Her ministers that they move their parishioners, then above all other times, to be charitable? It is a convenient excuse for us, when we look round at what our forefathers, out of their poverty did, and on what, out of our abundance, we do *not* do, to say that it is owing to our superior

light, and that wealth given out of the fear of purgatory is not given charitably. How unfair would it be, if when we see some benevolent man feeding and clothing the poor, we were to impute his benevolence to the hope that he had of pleasing his Maker, and thereby escaping future punishment! And as to what you say of the state of monasteries at the Reformation—we have learnt, over and over again, to make such assertions, till we really have taught ourselves to believe them. Look at the case as it was. A grasping tyrant sends out his minions to find or make all the charges they could against a certain set of men, whose wealth he was anxious to seize. They made the most diligent inquisition: they were urged on by every motive of rapacity and avarice; they were held back by no possible scruple, and I must say, that it has always appeared to me next to miraculous, that with all their pains, they could find so little matter of accusation, and so few instances of ill-regulated monasteries as there certainly were; and not more of dissolute conduct on the part of individuals: of these probably many were fabricated, and all were more or less exaggerated. Look at the case by comparison: a hundred years after that time, the Puritan rebels issued commissions to enquire into the character and abilities of the parish clergy of England—a body, mark you, not so numerous as the monks in the time of Henry VIII., and against whom, therefore, in proportion, fewer complaints should have been brought forward. Now, I

think we are justified in putting the conscientiousness of Henry's and the Parliamentary Commissioners on much the same footing: both were as bad as they could be. Cromwell the first and Cromwell the second were much on a par, except that the latter was the bolder villain of the two. Now, it is notorious, that although the lives of the clergy in the time of Charles the Martyr were confessedly most pure, and their reputation as unsullied as it was possible for that of any body of men to be; many more and much grosser crimes were laid to their charge than had been to that of the religious houses in the previous century. What, in common fairness, can we draw from this, by way of inference? What, but that, far from being the abodes of vice as you say, the monasteries of the 16th century—and how much more of earlier ages—were as pure, as holy, and as well fulfilling the purposes of their institution, as it was possible that they should be? I do not mean to say that there were not great corruptions, both as to doctrine and discipline, in the then Church; but the former were not connected with the monasteries, and the latter only in the one fault—I acknowledge, a very great one—of their being of extra-episcopal jurisdiction."

"There is a remarkable instance," observed Charles Abberley, who had listened attentively to Sir John, "of the sanctity attaching itself to the very act of dedication—even though the purposes to which it is applied be actually wicked. Our Blessed

SAVIOUR commended the widow who threw her two mites into the Treasury, notwithstanding the sinfulness of those in whose favour the treasury then was; notwithstanding that possibly that very money was a few days afterwards applied to rewarding Judas Iscariot for his betrayal."

"Very true," said Sir John Morley. "But supposing that all the tales against the monasteries were true, was that any reason for suppressing them? The Church, as a Church, was far more corrupted than the monasteries, as monasteries; what then? Was She to be annihilated, or reformed? Look at the foundations of our own day, which approach more nearly to religious houses than any other—I mean our Colleges. Who can deny, that the discipline and good order of these is fearfully degenerated? It is too true, that Fellowships, meant to make their possessors to labour uninterruptedly for the good of the Church, are too often seductive to sloth and self-indulgence; it is too true, that our Church's express injunctions have been permitted to fall into desuetude, that in many instances the Daily Service is so mutilated, as to be hardly the same—and that only in one, out of our thirty-eight colleges, is the weekly communion retained. Grievous scandals there have been and are in its ministration, when it is administered; and doubtless this and many other abuses call for visitation and reformation. But what a monstrous thing would it be—what exclamations of horror

would it create from one end of the kingdom to the other, if any reformer of the nineteenth century should propose to abolish them?"

"There is doubtless much in what you say," replied Col. Abberley, "and perhaps one is naturally prejudiced on the Protestant side of the question; but still I cannot but think that you must necessarily look on the Reformation—if you take this view of its effects—as a bad, instead of a good work."

"Well, my dear Sir, supposing such a consequence followed, which is by no means the case, very different views may and will be taken of the Reformation by those who are equally faithful sons of the Church of England. Have we not episcopal authority for observing, that to point out its errors, and lament its sacrileges, is not inconsistent with the truest devotion to our Holy Mother. Therefore, a consideration like that which you have just named would never alarm me. The truth of the matter, however, is, that the dissolution of the religious houses was but an accident in, not an essential part of, that movement which ended in the Reformation. You say that the Church has become implicated in the sin of sacrilege? When and how? She has always protested against it, sometimes more, sometimes less explicitly. Her best and wisest sons have, in their different ages, warned of its sin: even Latimer was opposed to it: Whitgift was its decided enemy; Andrewes refused a bishopric rather than

consent to any alienation of the lands of the see: Sir Henry Spelman wrote two elaborate works against it, and that with such good success, that several lay rectors were induced to give up their impropriations: Charles the Martyr vowed the restoration, in case his arms had been crowned with victory, of all the abbey lands in his possession, or of the worth of them, at a fair valuation: Abp. Sheldon brought his father's vow before Charles II. Then Bramhall and Thorndike, and Wells, and Nelson, form a band of catena onwards to our times, of those who have raised their voices against 'that damnable act, the dissolution of the monasteries.'"

"You must allow, however," said Col. Abberley, "that many of our very ablest Divines have considered that the existence of the monastic system necessarily involves that of popery with all its corruptions."

"Many have said so," replied Sir John Morley, "but great divines though they may be, I am not obliged to yield up my judgment to them. You must, as Bramhall says, 'forbear to charge the private errors or opinions of private persons (it sticketh not much whether) upon the Church of England;' many of whom died before controversies were rightly stated or duly understood, for none of which the Church of England is in any way obliged to be responsible."

"But the whole system appears to me to be impossible. There are many cases where it would

seem doubtful whether an estate in question ever belonged to the Church or no: what would you do then?"

"Why, as an honest man would do under similar circumstances, if he had reason to believe that he was possibly defrauding his neighbour of property that belonged to him. I would put the thing into the hands of a lawyer; if I found myself unable, from the technicalities of the case, to resolve it to my own satisfaction: or if, from a fear on the one hand, of losing a valuable estate, or on the other, from an excessive (if there can be an excessive) terror of sacrilege, my prejudices were likely to be in the way of my arrival at a fair and just conclusion."

"But," said the Colonel, "there is nothing at all analogous in the common law to your proposed system. What would you say to a man who brought an action to prove his right and title to your estate; his ancestor, according to his assertion, having been wrongfully deprived of it by your ancestor four hundred years ago? Why, on the face of it, the thing is absurd. A term for the recovery of a debt, or the claim to an estate, has generally, in all civilized nations, been fixed; and it is very proper that prescription should confer a title: or what estate would ever be secure? Now, granting all you say in its full extent, for the sake of argument, as to the sin of the dissolution, why then, I should call in to my aid the well known adage, *Fieri non debuit, factum valet.* We may dismiss the question as to how the

property was originally acquired; badly, let it be: now it is yours without sin on your part, and therefore it cannot be just that you should suffer for a crime of your ancestor's. Nay, if it be unjust that you should suffer for a crime, when the property was originally seized on by one of your progenitors, how much more unjust is it that you should be punished for an ill-advised purchase on his part of Church property, from some other party! Where is this to end? Who is to be safe? I am sure, if you will candidly consider the excessive misery in which you would involve many of our best families, were your hypothesis valid, that you would see the injudiciousness, to call it by no harsher name, of bringing it forward."

"It is not precisely correct," answered Sir John, "to say that in common law there is no analogy to the scheme, as you call it, which I have been acting on. Look at the case of a man who has become a bankrupt, and after giving up his last farthing, has again set up in business, and has realized a considerable fortune. How many an honourably-minded man, under such circumstances, has voluntarily repaid to his creditors his previously contracted debts! How often, even, has this been done by the son of a bankrupt! This, of course, is a purely spontaneous act; but in this case the world stamps it with its approbation. We hear on all sides exclamations such as:—Truly noble conduct! High principle! What a pattern of generosity! And, here, no one thinks of

the reflection tacitly passed on those bankrupts who have acted differently. But there is a case in which restitution is compellable by law. If a deed or document belonging to any corporation comes into the possession of any other party, no matter what price that party has paid for it, the corporation can claim it at once; and, at whatever loss, it must be surrendered. Shall this be the way of the world, and shall not the principle, once the Church's always the Church's, be acted on by Christians? However, I acknowledge that the hardship of having to give up perhaps the greater part of their property,—though this is an extreme, and very rare case—seems at first very great. Still, there is nothing contrary to the analogy of GOD's dealings with man, in this. It is but an instance in which the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation. And to those families who, convinced of the fearful sin in which they have hitherto through ignorance been implicated, prefer comparative poverty to sacrilegious riches, I would say, as the prophet to the Jewish king, 'The LORD is able to give thee much more than this.' However, after all, as respects those families themselves, my advice would be the kindest, as well as the justest. Who can doubt that a particular curse has attached itself to abbey lands; that generation after generation it has watched over them, and that its force has not abated in the flight of three hundred years? It almost reminds one, Mr. Abberley, of the evil fate, so magnificently described

by the tragic poet, that 'with dry, unweeping eyes,' sat by the house of Œdipus. You remember, of course the description—indeed, in me to remind a young scholar of it," he added smiling, "is almost presumption."

"Let us hear it Charles," said his father. "My classical lore has long since become useless to me."

"It is," answered Charles, "where the two sons of Œdipus having been solemnly cursed by their father; the one, king of Thebes, is besieged by the other, who aspires to the throne; and who with six companions, assaults, each in his own position, the seven gates of the city. Eteocles, for so was the king called, hears with the greatest coolness and deliberation the names of the six other champions, appoints antagonists to them, gives orders as to the defence, stills the weeping of the terrified multitude, and exhibits in himself the careful governor and general. But when his brother's name is mentioned, the curse descends upon him, disorders his plans, frenzies his imagination, and drives him forth to be slain by, and to slay his brother."

"But why," said the Colonel, "should such terrible consequences follow this crime in particular, when so many others of equal blackness, escape unpunished?"

"In the first place," replied Sir John, "there is not any other crime which can implicate one generation after another as this does. In the second, you know that at the foundation of any Church or Reli-

gious House, a solemn curse was pronounced, with the most dreadful formalities, on its violators or destroyers. And with respect to the voice of the Church, verily, 'he whom She blesseth is blessed, and he whom She curseth is cursed.' And so it is in the present case. You see some family with broad lands and high honours; from age to age they struggle on through all the changes and chances of revolutions, and the vicissitudes of governments. Sometimes its existence depends on the life of a sickly child: the sickly child becomes a healthy man, and his children multiply. Sometimes the only male heir is exposed to all the dangers of war: and among them all he seems to bear a charmed life. He returns to a happy home, and in a few years the family seems more securely established than ever. While in its most flourishing condition, in an evil hour it acquires Church property. The curse descends at once: thenceforward strange accidents and losses occur: fire, and robbery, and sickness do their work; male heirs fail; jealousy springs up between man and wife; unnatural hatred between parents and children; a sickly season carries off one, a violent death, another; a third sails to a foreign land and is never more heard of. Whatever scheme is undertaken fails; wealth makes itself wings, and flies away; moth corrupts, and the thief destroys. And all this while, the curse, with its tearless eyes, seems to watch every motion of its victims; crosses them in their best laid plans; entraps them in an

inextricable web; perplexes, and harasses, and impoverishes, and weakens, and ruins, and only leaves them when the last heir is laid in the family vault. Then the crime of sacrilege seems expiated."

"This is a fearful picture, Sir John. Is it not an overcharged one?"

"For that," replied Sir John Morley, "I will boldly appeal to English history; especially to family history. But look at the case *à priori*. What has ever been the fate of sacrilege? Look at the Holy Scriptures: take Belshazzar's case. There you see an idolatrous and vicious prince, giving himself up to his own heart's lust—exceeding his predecessors in wickedness; setting himself to do evil—and yet spared. How often, in all likelihood, had he 'praised the idols of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone!' And yet he had time and space afforded him for repentance. At last, he sends for the Temple vessels, and prostitutes them to his idol worship. What follows? 'IN THAT NIGHT was Belshazzar, King of the Chaldæans, slain.' Look again at Pompey. An experienced general, strong in the affection of his country, relying on a prosperous army, engaged, on the whole, in a right cause, he entered into the holy of holies, and he never prospered again. And where does the infidel historian date the commencement of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Enpire? With the reign of him who destroyed the temple at Jerusalem! Now look back to our Reformation. Is it not notorious

that of the families enriched by the abbey spoils very few remain to the present day; and those, after having passed through severe losses, and fearful judgments? Is it not also certain that abbey lands very seldom continue more than two, or three generations at most in a family? Can any one deny that, where more grievous judgments have not befallen the occupiers, the failure of heirs male has been as singular as it is inexplicable? Is it not a fact; so deeply has sacrilege eaten into our families; that scarcely any are now in possession of the same estates which they held at the Reformation, while a period of five hundred years was, before that time, no unusual term of occupancy for one family? If any one denies these things, I would refer him, first, to Sir Henry Spelman's 'History of Sacrilege.' If he says that this is the production of a special pleader for restitution, then I would ask him to look at any county history. Examine, I would say, the list of the families, once of note in it, now extinct: and see if nine-tenths of these were not implicated in Church property. Then look at the history of the succession of families in abbey estates, and see if these do not change their owners ten times, for one change in other property, and if the decay of any family is not consequent on its touching Church possessions. I ask any candid person to examine the matter for himself; if facts ever proved any thing, they prove what I am saying. And, do not imagine, that I look on the Reformation as the only time in

which sacrilege has polluted England. William the Conqueror and William Rufus are fearful instances of GOD'S judgments against church violators. The first lays waste twenty villages to form a hunting forest. He dies by a strange disease, neglected, deserted, despised: his corpse becomes intolerable to those who would have attended it: it is at first denied hallowed ground; and at length hastily and dishonourably committed to its resting place. The second, hunting in that same forest, is shot, under mysterious circumstances, by a hand unknown, with the name of the enemy of mankind in his mouth; is 'buried with the burial of an ass;' and leaves his name as a curse. Indeed, I know no more terrible illustration of the truth of what I have been saying than 'The last Hunt of William Rufus.' Again, I will not say that the death of Lord Brooke was, strictly speaking, supernatural; but the inveteracy of his hatred to the material fabric of the Church! his being given over to a strong delusion that he was doing GOD service; the arm by which he was shot; the distance at which the aim took effect; the circumstance that the bullet entered that eye with which he had hoped to see the destruction of all the cathedrals; all these things seem to say distinctly: This is the finger of GOD! No, no; it is of no use saying that by the analogy of earthly justice we are not compelled to restore Church property. HE has taken the matter into His own hands. His servants, in founding their religious houses, denounced, with

fearful solemnity, a solemn curse on those who should alienate them: He has fulfilled that curse; He is fulfilling it. May He open men's eyes to discern their danger!"

Sir John paused: and after a minute's silence, Col. Abberley rose to take leave. What he thought of his friend's arguments, will appear hereafter.

CHAPTER VI.

As true it is of the last, as of the first Church. 'I prove thee also at the waters of strife.' Those waters, the waters of Meribah, will hardly be drained ever.

BISHOP ANDREWES, ii. 407.

"My dear love," cried Lady Morley, as her visitors took their departure, "what *have* you been saying? I am afraid Col. Abberley will be mortally offended: he must have thought every thing you said quite personal."

"Not he," replied her husband; "he has too much good sense: he entered on the discussion himself, and I could but give him my opinions, as he asked for them. I am truly sorry that so well disposed a man as he seems, should have fallen into the error, for in his case it was only an error, of making that unfortunate purchase. I believe he is in his heart half sorry for having done so."

"O, Lady Morley!" cried Mrs. Laxington, entering, after having briefly noticed Sir John and his daughter: "*have* you heard of the doings at Studham? I never did, in all my days, see any thing to

compare to them; perfectly incomprehensible, as I said to Mr. Fortescue; and he agreed with me. A very pleasant man, by the bye, Mr. Fortescue seems: I'm sure he was civility itself to me; would drive me over here in his gig: glad enough I was to come in it. I don't know how long I should have had to wait. The horses were all engaged, and almost worked to death this hot weather, poor things! But as I was saying, what a strange interruption it was!"

"But what was it?" asked Lady Morley. "You have forgotten to tell us that."

"Why, my dear Lady Morley, there happens to be in Studham an odd old man, whom they call Tom Wingfield; and he took it into his head that all the parishioners had a right to come to the church, whether they paid or not. Preposterous! wasn't it? However, he brought a quantity of what poor dear Mr. Laxington used to call 'tag rag and bob tail' to the doors, and there they made such a riot that Mr. Fortescue for peace sake was forced to let some of them in. Well, this was the first day, and the performances were begun, so it did no great harm; but the next morning, before the doors were thrown open, there were near a hundred at the entrance, blocking up the passage, and hindering those who had paid from getting in. There were constables and policemen, and I know not what all: such a confusion and shouting, and scolding, and gabberings, I never heard before. Some wanted to give the ringleaders over

to the police: but that it seems couldn't be done: some said there had better be no performance at all. Well! at last; would you believe it? all this rabble got in; and the consequence was, that when a great many of those who had paid for their seats got to them, they could not have them—and that made another uproar. However, I *will* say, the music was sweetly well performed when we got to it, and nothing could be better arranged in every other respect. But what Mr. Fortescue will do to satisfy those who had taken tickets, and were turned away after all, I am sure I can't say."

"You must excuse me, Mrs. Laxington," said Sir John, laughing, "but really I cannot be sorry at this discomfiture of the church-desecration system. I hope it will be a lesson to the Studham folks, to be sure they have a right to the exclusive possession of a place, before they lay hands on it."

"What, Sir John, do you mean that you think Mr. Wingfield was right in creating such an uproar? Dear me! my poor head aches with it, I'm sure. I only wish you could have heard it yourself."

"Nay, then you should rather congratulate me on having escaped the annoyance. Of course, if Mr. Wingfield, or any one else, made a disturbance at, or in the church, they were very wrong; but if they only asserted a right which every parishioner has, and of which they were then deprived, in my opinion they were very right."

"But only think of the visitors who had paid for

their seats, and then could not have them! Don't you think that that was a great hardship?"

"They should have been sure that the persons of whom they hired them had a right to let them. What should you say, if I were to let out the different rooms in your house for a few hours on some particular day, without your leave? Should you say that you were dealing hardly by those who had paid for them, if you refused to let them enjoy what they had hired?"

"You put such very odd cases, Sir John: nobody thinks of letting out rooms in another person's private house. The thing is absurd on the face of it."

"Not a bit more absurd, in reality, than the letting out a church to non-parishioners, and not a bit more illegal, I can assure you."

"Are you in earnest?" asked the lady. "Well! now, if that's the case, it alters the whole question. I had no idea it was so. But the music was very fine, and I'm glad I was there; for it is not often that one has such a treat. And there's nothing, as I was saying to Mrs. Fortescue, that so improves the taste as good music; indeed, she and all her family are passionately fond of it. But indeed, Miss Morley, I don't mean that they can compare with your performances. And that reminds me: I have heard that Mr. Fortescue was going to leave Studham. Have you heard any thing about it, Sir John?"

Sir John replied in the negative, and the conversation took a general turn.

It was a happy evening in Teynton Park, that, no long time subsequently, witnessed the arrival of the elevations and ground-plans of the proposed church at Ayton. The whole party, with the addition of Charles Abberley, a very frequent visitor, were soon engaged in unrolling the sheets, and holding them down so as to display them to the best advantage. First, came the south elevation: there was the well-proportioned chancel, with its simple priest's door, and elegantly pierced parapet: there was the nave with its fair porch, and, rising above its sharp roof, the tower with its light spire. Then came the east end: a fine decorated window of five lights with complicated tracery, and the floriated cross, surmounting the apex of the gable. Then there was the interior with its seven nave piers, well developed chancel arch, and altar raised on a flight of seemly steps: the stone pulpit projecting from the north side of the chancel arch, eagle with expanded wings, and litany stool: while on each side were the open seats, with which alone such a church would of course be furnished.

"Upon my word," exclaimed Sir John, "this design does our architect great credit. At the first glance, I really hardly see any thing which I could wish altered. Does any fault occur to any of you?" he asked, looking round on his family. One or two suggestions were made, and one or two questions asked; but every one was loud in praise. Charles

Abberley was more silent: perhaps he was contrasting his father's conduct, as occupier of what was once holy ground, with that of Sir John, the founder of another temple for the glory of GOD. The papers were still on the table, and the discussion on their merits not yet finished, when in the yet unfaded twilight, a servant was seen riding up the park at a quick pace.

"The Donnington livery," said Robert Morley, looking up carelessly. "What can the Earl have to say to us?"

"O, some invitation to dinner, I suppose," said his father. "I think, then, I may just mention these few alterations to Mr. Wykeham, and tell him that they are all made in deference to his better judgment."

"I think," said Robert, "that the effect of the roof would be better if the space between the ridge and the intersection of the collar braces were a little greater. What say you, too, to a shield, sculptured with different symbols; such as the instruments of crucifixion, a Holy Lamb, and so forth, at the end of the hammer beams."

A servant here entered with a letter for George Morley, and "No answer, sir."

"Capital idea that, Robert;" said his father: "you may as well write the letter as myself, and then you can explain the matter. One thing I mean to be particular about; we will have a sufficient

variety of designs in the seating: I object exceedingly to seeing a whole series of stall ends carved in one device, as if their designer had but one idea."

"And that one," added Robert, "like Dr. Johnson's friend's, a wrong one."

"This is perfectly incomprehensible," cried George Morley. "I never spoke to the Earl of Donnington above twice or three times in my life."

"What is it, George?" said Robert.

"Read that letter," replied his brother.

"What, read aloud?" inquired Robert? And being answered in the affirmative, he read as follows:—

"Donnington Park, June 19, 183—.

"Dear Sir,

"The living of Studham, which is in my gift, is just vacant by the resignation of Mr. Fortescue. I am exceedingly desirous that a parish of such extent and importance should be favoured with efficient pastoral superintendence; and am therefore induced, though the value of the incumbency is, I regret to say, comparatively small, to offer it to your acceptance, should you be disposed to undertake so laborious a post of duty.

"Circumstances render me desirous of receiving an answer as to your determination at your earliest convenience. I therefore dispatch a servant this evening, in order to expedite, as much as possible, your reply.

"With my best compliments to Sir John Morley, and to your family,

"I remain, dear Sir,

"Your very faithful servant,

"DONNINGTON."

"Well, George," said Sir John Morley, "I shall not pretend to offer my advice one way or the other. Remember only the importance of a decision which may probably fix you for life: and do not decide hastily."

"But, my dear father," said George, "this really comes so very suddenly, that I wish you would just give me your ideas on the subject. I never like to trust to my own judgment when I can have better—why should I?"

"What can I tell you, but what you know already? Though you have had some experience in parish duty, you should remember that you are very young—that Studham is a sphere of particular difficulty—and that you will find the parish in a sadly neglected state—and the people, I fear, self-willed and unmanageable. On the other hand, an invitation like this is to be looked on, unless there are any very cogent reasons to the contrary, as a call of Providence. If the post is one of peculiar difficulty, so it is also of peculiar usefulness; and, it seems to me, one where labour will not be thrown away: pecuniary considerations are, of course, entirely secondary; and,

in that point of view, the offer has neither recommendations nor the contrary. Studham is, it is true, of greater value than Teynton: but then you must necessarily keep a curate, and that will pretty nearly, I fancy, equalize them. Thus you have the reasons which immediately occur to me, both *pro* and *con.*"

"I hope, George," said Lady Morley, "you will not think of taking any post of duty which you are not confident that you have strength enough to retain. You could not bear to do your work imperfectly; and I could not bear that it should be done at any expense of health and strength, which you have no right to sacrifice."

"Well, George," cried Robert, "if I were you, I would make no more words about it, but take it at once. My father's reasons *pro* seem to me vastly superior to his arguments *con.*"

"And if you are somewhat young," added his sister, "to take charge of so large a place, was it not Hooker who told Jewel, that this was a fault which would mend every day?"

"Well, George," said Charles Abberley, "I will wish you joy of your new living; for I am sure you can never stand out against so many good arguments."

"I will not make up my mind till to-morrow," replied his friend: "but I think then it will be fair to give the Earl of Donnington an answer one way or the other."

The morning came; the living was accepted; the patron suitably thanked; the new Rector congratulated, presented, instituted, inducted, settled, furnished with a curate: and by the time that September had brought the lanes and hedges of Monk Teynton into their full beauty, the change was no longer felt as a novelty. Studham was only five miles distant from Teynton; but such was the press of business in which the new Rector found himself involved, that for the first three months, he scarcely spent one night in Teynton Park, confining himself to hasty visits in the day. Sir John at first heard the most astonishing accounts of his son's popularity; every one spoke of the golden opinions which he had won, and of the success which attended all his operations.

"Well! to be sure!" Mrs. Laxington would say; "it's perfectly astonishing to me what Mr. Morley contrives to get through. I hear of him here, and there, and everywhere; whatever good's done, he does it: Mr. Dixon tells me that there never was a minister so much liked there: he was attending Mrs. Warren last week—you know Mrs. Warren, Lady Morley, don't you? No? I thought everybody did: she was the widow of Mr. Smith, the great tallow-chandler, and the most notable woman in her time—a little laid up now, Dixon tells me, with the rheumatism; has never been quite free from it since the great musical festival—sitting in a draught—and by the bye, Sir John, what a dangerous thing a draught

is—I remember poor Mr. Laxington used to tell some famous story about its giving a cold and curing a cold—he was a merry man, was my poor husband —it's given me colds enough—but I never could hear that it cured any—but that was my husband's joke—however, as I was saying, Mrs. Warren told Dixon that to her certain knowledge nobody had been so much followed as Mr. George is—crowds come to hear him: they want him to have a Wednesday evening lecture, but that, I suppose, is too much to ask; and I believe Mr. Morley has some objections to it. Not but that I think Wednesday evening lectures are very good things—Mr. Jupp has one on Thursdays—the day don't matter—but I think something of a sermon in the week is very desirable; I know Mr. Morley has prayers on Wednesdays and Fridays, and talks of having them oftener: but then, you know, that's not the same thing quite; the prayers are all very well to begin with, and I am sure I value them very much, and admire them exceedingly, and all that, for no one is more of a Churchwoman than I am—only one wants something more than prayers—one can pray at home well enough. Indeed, to my mind, prayers twice a week is quite enough; Mr. Jupp was reading to me the other day some remarks in the Record, which he takes in, on that matter; and by the bye, Lady Morley, what an excellent paper that Record is—there's so much depth in what it says—and then its accounts are always so thoroughly to be depended

on—that's the great thing one wants in a newspaper: and, considering they say the editor's a Dissenter, it's not so *very* much opposed to the Church—I am sure it always speaks well of it—and then, you know, it always protests so decidedly against Puseyism and Popery—well, but the Record says, that it's by no means desirable to have prayers even twice a week—but to have them more than that, it says, is "a mark of the Beast"—so clever, isn't it? You know it always means Puseyism by the Beast. So I hope Mr. Morley will be contented with what he does now in that way."

"Well," Sir John would reply, "leaving the merits of the Record out of the question, I do not set much value on ministerial popularity as a criterion of ministerial usefulness at any time—much less at the beginning of a clergyman's career. If you bring me the same report ten years, ay, or ten months hence, I shall think more of it: now, the novelty has as much to do with it as anything else."

And Sir John was right. The parish of Studham was one which had, on account of the frequent change of ministers, been long in a very unsettled condition. It might have been one of the most delightful cures in England, could a sufficient number of clergymen have been engaged in its charge, and some of the outlying hamlets been formed into separate parishes. As it was, its size rendered it a burden far above the strength of any one priest, or indeed two. The town lay prettily enough in a valley; high-wooded hills

sheltered it on three sides, and the river wound through the meadow on the fourth. Beyond and among the recesses of these hills lay the hamlets: the church, a cross building with a low central tower and spire, was situated, as is often the case, at the very edge of the town; by it was the parsonage, a red brick erection of the last century: the high street, with the market house at one end and the bridge at the other, was as gay as those of such towns generally are: there were one or two milliners "from London;" one or two doctors, with bright brass plates over their doors; two lawyers, patronized respectively by Tories and Radicals; grocers, and ironmongers, and bakers; and a large timber wharf (for the river was navigable) close to the bridge. Beyond, standing back among some poplars, were some almshouses, founded in the seventeenth century, a plain row of brick buildings, with their chapel in the middle; where, by the way, the original daily service yet lingered in the shape of morning prayers, read by the master, a layman.

Mr. Thomason, the last Rector before Mr. Fortescue, had been of the Evangelical school, and having held the parish for thirty years, had, of course, brought over many to his own views. There was a Bible Society, a Jews' Society, and a Church Missionary Society: there were meetings among the Sunday school teachers for reading and prayers; and a Thursday evening lecture had been established. Mr. Fortescue held no particular views: he kept up

the institutions of his predecessor when they gave him no trouble; if they did, as in the case of the week-day lecture, he discontinued them. What the effect in the minds of Mr. Thomason's admirers might have been, it is impossible to tell: Mr. Fortescue only held the living for a year, at the expiration of which time, he was presented to one far superior in emolument to Studham, and in which the labour and duty were far less. Almost his last act was the desecration of the church as above related; and against this the Evangelical party, it is but fair to say, protested loudly.

It seemed necessary to give these details, because they will explain the proceedings of some of the party to which we have alluded, as having been fostered by Mr. Thomason, when the course of our narrative leads us to relate them.

Shortly after the last mentioned visit of Mrs. Laxington to Teynton Park, the following letter appeared in the Record, under the title of

SPREAD OF PUSEYISM.

"Sir,

"Perhaps you will allow me a few lines in the columns of your widely spread and invaluable journal, evidently raised up, at the present time, to be the bulwark of our Zion; to expose the means by which a young Tractarian minister has lately endeavoured to thrust the mummeries of 'another gospel' on a parish hitherto noted for the evangelical fervour

of its inhabitants. To many of your readers Studham must be a place of deep interest, as the scene of the labours of the late Mr. Thomason: but the blighting breath of Puseyism has come over the paradise; and we may well tremble for the result. Mr. M——, a young man fresh from college, and puffed up, I too much fear, with honours obtained there, is discountenancing those institutions which it was the joy of Mr. Thomason to have set up: the Bible Society, in particular, has incurred his deadliest hatred; he not only refused to be present at its last anniversary, but warned his parishioners against its evil tendency! The Wednesday evening lecture, once so crowded and useful, he has refused to re-establish. Instead of it, he has introduced the barren mockery of a daily service, which hardly any one attends; he lengthens the already protracted prayers by the addition of that for the Church Militant; he turns, O profane mockery! towards the Communion Table during the recital of the Creed, as if the GOD of the east were not also the GOD of the west, or would favourably regard these superstitious observances of will-worship! His sermons are, of course, filled with the doctrines of his party: the Church, the merits of Saints, the intercession of Mary, are the staple of his discourses; but of that grand truth which is the epitome of the Bible, the rock on which the Established Church is founded, the cause for which our martyred reformers laid down their lives—justification by faith alone, without good works—he

says nothing. How long will our bishops close their eyes to a case like this?

"May you be long spared to pursue the important work for which you have been raised up.

"Your obedient Servant,

"PRESBYTER."

This paper was carried up by Mrs. Laxington to Sir John, within a few days of its publication.

"Ah! Sir John," she said, "you were right, and I wrong: but then, as I was saying to Mr. Trenton, you are always right in such matters: I am very very sorry for Mr. Morley—I hope the parish will come round—but they don't like his new doings, and that's the truth of it: you know, Lady Morley, some people do *not* like to be interfered with, and the Studham folks, I suppose, are that sort of folks: dear me! I don't understand what harm Mr. Morley has done, but Jupp tells me there is quite a party against him in the parish, and a party my poor dear husband used to say, in his odd way, he couldn't bear, except it were at dinner. But young Tomkins tells me—and he ought to know, for his aunt married one of Mendale's sons—the saddler, up in High Street—well, he tells me they're determined, if they can, to drive Mr. Morley away by hook or by crook—for my own part, as I told him, I hope they won't succeed—he would be a loss to the whole country, said I—and if he does stand up for the Church, why, it's no more, I said, than his cloth ought to do—you know no one is a

better Churchwoman than I; and why should we go setting ourselves together by the ears about trifles? And as to what the Record says, Lady Morley, I beg you won't distress yourself about it—it's not stronger language than they're in the habit of using, and I dare say they mean no disrespect to Mr. Morley. Pray don't take it to heart; I assure you, if it were my own son, I shouldn't."

"Oh no!" answered Lady Morley. "I shall endeavour, if I can, to get over the affliction. Indeed, the relations of so many excellent men have had to bear it before now, that I must try to imitate their fortitude. We are going to luncheon, Mrs. Laxington, will you join us?"

CHAPTER VII.

And all Priests and Deacons are to say daily the Morning and Evening Prayer, either privately or openly, not being let by sickness, or some other urgent cause.—RUBRICK.

"WELL, Mr. Morley, I don't mean to flatter you, but I must say, I cannot imagine how you contrive to bear up against the fatigue of a daily service."

So spoke Mr. Wallis, on one of the few occasions when George allowed himself to spend an evening at Teynton Park. Besides the family group and the Rector, two others were sharing the circle round the capacious fireplace that night. The one was a Mr. Eversfield, an early friend of Sir John's, and originally a member of the same college, though a few years his senior. He was a bachelor, and lived in London; and being a man of an active turn of mind, and devoted to what he considered the service of true religion, though unfortunately without any sound principles of Churchmanship, he was an efficient member of the committees of many among the religious societies of the metropolis; and a large part of

his income, which was considerable, was devoted to their funds. The other was Charles Abberley, whose visits to Teynton Park were both prolonged and frequent; it may be observed, in passing, that Sir John would have been quite as well pleased that they should be fewer and shorter, and had once or twice, in the most distant possible manner, hinted as much to the visitor himself. It was not that he did not fully appreciate the high principles of young Abberley; but we shall leave him in the sequel to develope his own views.

"Why," answered George, "I really, with the able assistance Mr. Carpenter gives me, have no reason to complain of the fatigue of our services. Indeed, when I can get them as they ought to be, whatever labour there is will become very trifling."

"You mean," said his sister, "because your choir will be of so much assistance to you?"

"Exactly so. With an efficient choir, the demand on a clergyman's physical strength is very small. Suppose he really were unequal to much labour; let us see what the call upon him would be. Of course, he would read till the Venite; the Psalms, the Te Deum, and Benedictus, would be taken from him by the choir; the Lessons, if necessary, might be read by another; there only therefore remains, on ordinary occasions, the Collects and other prayers. That is, perhaps his voice would be in requisition for ten minutes twice a day."

"Yes," said the Rector; "but then there is a large church to fill."

"Alas!" replied George, "I wish there were! I seldom can muster more than thirty—except the children; and if they can hear me, what matters it that I should be audible in every corner of my church?"

"But," continued Mr. Wallis, "the time: how can you contrive to find time for it amidst all your parish duties?"

"Why, we are all bound to find time for the Morning and Evening Service every day, either in publick or private. I look on this as a Clergyman's first duty: then let him find or make time for as much more parochial duty as he can undertake."

"I will freely acknowledge," said Mr. Eversfield, "that the Rubrick to which you refer is one which I would gladly see expunged from the Prayer-Book. Admiring most sincerely our incomparable Liturgy, you will not expect me to say that I can see no imperfections in it; and this is one of them. I think that to assemble a congregation twice every day to hear the same form of prayer, however excellent in itself, must necessarily degenerate into formality, and an offering up of words in which the heart does not join. But still more is such a result to be feared, when a Clergyman, instead of the fervour of extemporary devotions, and the natural flow of a heart rising to GOD, is tied down, even in private prayer,

to a form intended for publick worship. Some parts of it are actually void of meaning when used by an individual; for example, the Exhortations and the Prayer of S. Chrysostom."

"I never wish that the Church prayers should be the only ones which a Priest should employ in private; I mean, when he is debarred from the publick service of the Church. Nor do I mean to say that they can be employed with so much beauty and propriety any where as in the church. The Exhortation, of course, is only intended to be used there: the Prayer of S. Chrysostom might, perhaps, be employed in addressing that GOD, Who sees so many of His servants coming before Him at the same time in the same words, even though they be far separated from each other. But, though I sincerely hope I may never have the trial of being separated from the daily publick prayers, I am sure, if I were, I should find solace in thinking that hundreds of my brethren, whose names and habitations I know not, and should never know, were, many of them in the same hour, and in the same words, coming into the presence of their GOD and mine. I can conceive hardly anything more realizing the Communion of Saints than such an union."

"Do you mean," said Mr. Eversfield, "that you cannot conceive any form of words better calculated to rouse the feelings and awaken the affections than those of Morning and Evening Service? Why, if one attends church three times on Sunday, the third

repetition of the prayers is almost lost on one's heart."

"That," said George, "is not a parallel case. It was not intended that the Evening Prayers should be said twice, and therefore they may well appear tautologous in such a case. Neither does any one assert, that to have only two daily services is a system which can compare with the seven of the ancient Church, nominally retained, with some corruptions, in the Romish Church. I say nominally, for it is well known that the Belgian Church is the only one in which the Hours are actually said. If ever it should please the rulers and fathers of our Church to restore them to Her, I for one should be rejoiced to celebrate, at Matins, our SAVIOUR'S Betrayal; at Prime, His Cruel Mockery and Scourging; at Tierce, His Condemnation to death; at Sexts, His Crucifixion; at Nones, His Death; at Vespers, His Taking down from the Cross; and at Compline, His Burial. If there be a change at all, this is the direction in which it must go."

"Well," said Mr. Eversfield, "I will never believe that our Reformers intended these observances to be perpetuated."

"I must say that that view of the case," replied George Morley, "does appear to me truly extraordinary. If ever there was a design to render an institution perpetual, it is here. You are to remember that the rubrick of which you complain was not in the second Prayer-Book of King Edward—it was

actually inserted in an after revision. Does this look like a wish to allow the service to drop? It appears, so far from its having been designed as a stepping-stone from the multiform ritual of the unreformed Church to Genevan worship, or, rather, no-worship, that after being once disused, it was purposely restored."

"Well," said the other, "whatever they thought of the matter, the monotony is an objection which I for one could never get over."

"On the contrary," replied George, "that very sameness is no bad type of the character of that Church which is immutable in the immutability of her word. Here it meets you with the same aspect, however different may be your own feelings; it stands out above human feelings, stamped with something of the changelessness of another world. Your heart may be broken with sorrow, or overflowing with joy: but the promises which the Church sets before you vary not; and therein is their great consolation. She seems to make her sons feel that their light affliction, or transient joy, are nothing with the exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Might you choose, in a time of sadness, or the contrary, such passages as seemed to you most applicable, what were this but to invest religious duties with something of the littleness of passing events? As it is, the Church seems to reiterate, morning and evening, 'But this I say, brethren, the time is short: it remaineth, therefore, that they that weep be as though

they wept not; and they that rejoice, as though they rejoiced not.'"

"But," said Sir John, "you must not forget one chief argument, if an express injunction of the Church needed arguments, in favour of the Daily Service; I mean the inestimable blessing of the daily intercession thus made for our country at the throne of GOD. What ideas must the members of other Churches form of us, when they find this system of supplication, expressly commanded both by the Scripture, and practised by almost all the Church Catholick, neglected? And who can tell, were every village church throughout the kingdom to pour forth morning and evening its intercessions, what would be the effect of prayer in bringing down a blessing on our land? We hear of publick meetings convened to consider the causes of the existing distress of the country—the subject is brought forward in the houses of parliament—all kinds of remedies, possible and impossible, are proposed: but the great remedy, prayer, would find very little credit in the eyes of modern politicians. Yet, granting its efficacy—and what Christian will deny it? how can it rise so unanimously, so constantly, and therefore so acceptably to God, as by this method? What evil is there, to which either nations or individuals are subject, that is not deprecated in our services? What good that they can need that is not sought? If prayer is heard above, what (for aught we can tell) might be the visible effect on national prosperity, of

the morning and evening sacrifice from twelve thousand temples at once?"

"The private use of the Daily Office," remarked George, "is very important, if it were only as setting before us so clearly, and keeping before us so constantly, the great duty of intercession. In morning prayer, for example, there are nine different collects; of these four pertain to ourselves, four are for others, and the remaining one is the general thanksgiving. So in the Litany, there are thirty-four petitions; eighteen for others, and sixteen only for ourselves. The spirit of modern devotion would, I fear, come far short of this: intercession, if recognized at all for any beyond our immediate friends, deals almost exclusively in generalities, and those summed up in a few brief petitions. And if it is necessary to remind all of the duty of making prayers and intercessions and giving of thanks for all men, much more should the Clergy, the appointed intercessors for GOD'S people, be reminded of their duty in this respect."

"I have often been struck," said Charles Abberley, "by, if I may so speak, the graphical way in which the various persons for whom intercession is made are, in the prayers of our older Divines, mentioned and particularized. How Bishop Andrewes, for instance, loves to dilate on the various circumstances and necessities in which they may be placed. Here, for example," he continued, taking up an original edition of Bishop Andrewes's Devotions, which lay on the table, "he specifies the Church Catholick,

the Churches of the East, West, and our own land; the King, Queen, nobility, privy council, magistrates, armies engaged in warfare against infidels, husbandmen and shepherds, fishermen and mariners, merchants, handicraftsmen, the mechanick, the beggar, universities and colleges, the sick, the wretched, the hungry, the thirsty, the naked, the prisoners, miners, galley-slaves, strangers, exiles, the condemned to death, the lunatick, the unburied. What fervour must such a particular enumeration add to prayer?"

"You say very truly," said Sir John: "however, let us not forget that the great reason for the Daily Service is not the blessing which it would prove to the nation, nor the advantage it brings to ourselves, but its being the particular and express command of the Church."

"There are strong grounds," said Mr. Eversfield, "for the belief which the Record newspaper has lately supported—that our reformers, had they lived now, would gladly have substituted for it family prayer."

"Really," answered Sir John, "I am not called on to prove a negative. But if they would, it does not in the least alter our duty; we are bound to obey the voice of the Church; and that voice, thank GOD, is on our side. I do wonder, however, my dear Eversfield, that you should allow yourself to quote that newspaper as an authority. Nothing shows more strongly the low state of true, deep, religion amongst us, than the toleration of such a print in

any family professing religion at all. Are not its falsehoods so notorious, that many of its supporters make no attempt at excusing or palliating them, but merely allege in their own defence, that no where else can they get the information they want? Would not the neglect which it evinces of the commonest principles of truth and honour, be scouted by papers which make no pretension to religion at all? Can you give me an example—I mean from publications not notoriously infamous—if any where private scandal is seized with such avidity, and divulged with so little inquiry as to its foundation? And yet this paper, the falsehoods, and scurrility, and scandal of which even those who support it profess to disapprove and to lament, has a vast circulation, for a long time exercised vast influence, and is quoted as an authority and paraded as a testimony! I wish, Eversfield, you would look on this matter as a plain straightforward Christian should look. Were I of the Evangelical party, nothing would cause me bitterer grief than that my views and those of the publication in question should be confounded. Sooner or later, the iniquity which has concocted its leading articles, and the malignancy which breathes through them, must be made manifest to all, and the reaction against the party which has supported it will be, perhaps beyond their deserts, terrible. But these are low grounds. For the sake of religion itself, which is never so much wounded as when the sceptick observes its professed advocates guilty of immorality

which even his own code would not allow, and with the knowledge that the wrath of man never can work the righteousness of GOD, I do entreat you to look more deeply into this matter."

Mr. Eversfield did not reply: and a slight move having been made among the party, Sir John Morley found himself next to George, and at a little distance from the others.

"I am sorry, George," he said, "to find that you are in so much trouble at Studham; I always expected that it would not be an easy post, and so I told you. Nevertheless, I shall not be sorry for your present trials, if you are enabled to come out of them without surrendering one jot of principle, but, at the same time, without needlessly offending prejudice."

"I can assure you, my dear father," said George, "that I have made no changes which I did not think absolutely necessary. Much that I could have wished to alter I have left, rather than give unnecessary offence; and, as it seems, without any effect whatever, for no expressions nor conduct could well be more bitter than those which my opponents have thought proper to adopt. The chief cause of offence is my refusal to patronise the societies which are principally in vogue there; but I also hear that my sermons give cause to much discontent. I have endeavoured to avoid everything, consistently with what I know to be the truth, which might wound or annoy; but, alas! I have almost entirely—I hope not through my own fault—failed in my end."

"Do you find that any have left the Church in consequence?" asked his father.

"No," answered George; "they have not yet, thank GOD, gone so far. But I hear that steps are about to be taken to get up a proprietary chapel: the rumour, perhaps, is not entirely to be depended on; time must show."

"How fast," cried Charles Abberley, "the new church is advancing, Sir John! The clerk of the works is quite a friend of mine; I can assure you that he is hardly more interested in the progressive steps than I am."

"He is a clever fellow," said Sir John; "and what is better, a thoroughly honest good man."

"If you will allow me," continued Charles, "I will bring over some sketches which I took last year of the windows in Coutances Cathedral; they are of the same style as those of Ayton church, and you might be interested in looking at them."

"To-morrow," said Sir John Morley, "I dine at Mr. Trenton's; so I fear I shall not be able to look at your sketches."

"Thursday, then, if that will suit you."

"To tell you the truth, Mr. Abberley, I shall be very much engaged both in county and private business the whole of this week; so I am afraid I must defer the pleasure till next."

"I shall, at all events, hope for it before very long," said Charles Abberley, as he rose to go, and was followed by Mr. Wallis.

"Catherine, my dear," said Sir John, the next morning, at the conclusion of breakfast, "I wish you would come to me for a few minutes into my study." Miss Morley obeyed; and her father, seating himself by a well-used writing table, covered over with bundles of papers tied with red tape, or secured in steel clasps, and telling her to sit down by him, said:

"Catherine, I cannot be at a loss—and I think that even you must begin to suspect—though, to do you justice, my dear child, I believe you are the last person to have the suspicion—the reason of Mr. Abberley's very frequent visits here. I hope I may be wrong; but I fully believe him to be attached. Now—hear me out—personally I much like that young man; but I wish to tell you, once for all, why he never can stand in any nearer relation to me."

"But, my dear papa, I think you are mistaken. It is very natural that Mr. Abberley, who is fond of society, should prefer a party like ours occasionally, to the quiet of home."

"Well, be that as it may, it will be just as well that we should have a clear understanding on this matter. No child of mine, with my consent, shall ever enter into a family, living, like the Abberleys, on Church property. I have seen the miserable consequences of such a match even in my own times; and if I had not, I could not shut my eyes against the warning given us by all past family history. I am sure that it will be enough for me to have said this to you;

and if you can give Mr. Abberley to understand—as ladies," and he smiled, "*can* give gentlemen to understand—that his attentions to you will be completely thrown away—for his sake I shall be glad, for it may save him from some future unhappiness. I should be very sorry if an end were put to all intercourse between the two families; at the same time, I am not desirous of seeing Mr. Abberley here on every possible occasion for which he can find any excuse for riding over. There, my dear child, that was all I had to say; not for your sake—but for his."

CHAPTER VIII.

Say me, who can, whether extreme
Hath harmed Religion more;
That old of them too liberal,
Or this of our's too poore?
And verily it is a fault,
And maimèd Learning's foe,
That Church possessions should amongst
The lay be shared soe.
If ever England will in ought
Prevent her own mishappe,
Against these *shames* (no terme too grosse),
Let England stop the gappe.

WARNER.

"ARE you riding to Ayton church?" asked Col. Abberley, as he met Sir John Morley a few days subsequently.

"Yes; I want to speak to Westley, the clerk of the works. Will you accompany me?"

"With pleasure." And turning his horse's head in the same direction, he rode on with his friend.

"I have been thinking much, Sir John," he said after a pause, "of what you were saying the other

day about the possession of Abbey lands. In my own circumstances, it could not but make a deep impression upon me, for if there be guilt in the alienation of church lands, I unfortunately, as you well know, share in it deeply."

"I really ought to apologize," said Sir John, "for the freedom with which I spoke to you on the subject. I was sure, however, that you would not give an unkind meaning to what I said, and a deep sense of the importance of the matter on which we were speaking led me on further than I had at first intended."

"Pray," replied Col. Abberley, "do not imagine that I could possibly impute to you any, beside the real, motive. And I will give you the best proof I can of this: for I am going to ask you to continue your remarks on the monastick system. I cannot at present bring myself to take your view of it; but I wish to hear the arguments which appear to you most forcible in favour of it."

"In the first place," replied Sir John, "a system of such very great antiquity, and attested by the universal voice of the Church, must, arguing *à priori*, be good. Excepting in our own and daughter Churches, with perhaps the Indian, I do not think any other is without monasteries. In those Churches which are in communion with Rome, every one knows they are most numerous; but not less so in the various members of the Eastern Church. Russia, for example, abounds with them; so does the patri-

archate of Constantinople; so do those of Alexandria and Jerusalem. Now when we see other branches of the Church supplied with a set of religious houses set apart for the peculiar service of GOD, we cannot but feel it an undesirable peculiarity that we alone should have none such."

"But," said Col. Abberley, "the vast numbers of men thus immured from the world might surely better have employed their time, and talents, and energies, in some way which might have rendered the most essential service to the Church, than, by a course of life useless to others, have striven after a fancied purity elsewhere unattainable."

"You do not look at religious houses, I think, in the proper light. We may look at them in four distinct points of view; and in each they present advantages unattainable by any other system. In the first place, we may consider them as establishments for the propagation of the truth in parts of the country where from physical or moral circumstances the parochial system is not sufficient. How many tracts of land, for instance, are there, where five or six cottages are scattered here and there on some vast and savage common, nominally belonging to a parish of which the church is three or four miles off! Sometimes, a cottage will be found a mile or two from any other habitation; and the poor inhabitants, in these cases, except that they have probably been baptized, and will probably be buried in their parish church, have no other connexion with it. Much of Cornwall is in

this condition; but perhaps the most remarkable instance was to be seen in the Forest of Dean. Here there were churches; but marriages could not be solemnized in them, on account of their being, in reality, only chapels of ease. The consequence was, that sooner than take the trouble of going ten or twelve miles to a church where they could be married, most of the wretched inhabitants were content to settle down without any marriage at all. Now, in cases like these, of what inestimable benefit would a stationary body of priests, and deacons, and laymen qualified to act as readers, be found! The distant hovels, to visit one of which would occupy the parish priest the best part of the day, when perhaps he has already more labour than any single man can perform, would be known and carefully visited from the monastery. They would, in health, be warned to an attendance on the Church's ordinances, and in sickness, receive Her last consolations: as it is, they receive, too often, neither one nor the other."

"There is much in this," said Col. Abberley, "and one cannot but acknowledge that the void, left by the monasteries, has been in our own times worse supplied."

"Yes; instead of the old system, we see meeting-houses springing up in every direction, and the poor crowding them, because they are near, instead of encountering a weary journey and tempestuous weather, in attending their church. But these diffi-

culties are only physical: the monastick system is still better calculated to meet the moral destitution of large towns. And perhaps it is still more exactly suited to those manufacturing districts where a town springs up in the course of ten years. If, when the first large works in such a place were set on foot, a small cell were placed near it, as an offshoot to some larger house; then, as one house sprung up after another, and one row behind another, the priory church would be open to them. The brotherhood would attend them; and the Chartist, and Socialist, and Atheist would have less chance of spreading their deadly poison among them. The children, instead of the labour to which they are now, from infancy, exposed; labour which injures their minds as much as their bodies; might well be taught their duty to God and man, in the priory school; for the funds of the brethren would allow them to make good to the parents any deficiency which might result from the loss of their manual labour."

"That remedy," observed the Colonel, "is certainly new to me. But such machinery would be expensive."

"If," said Sir John, "we had the funds of our ancient abbeys, we should have enough to evangelize all our manufacturing districts. The funds, as seized by Henry VIII., amounted to just £143,000; the rental of the kingdom being then somewhat about three millions. Now, had we the twentieth part of its present rental; what wonders might the

Church do! Why, the twenty millions which a late writer proposed as a proper grant from the state, actually sinks into insignificancy before what has been done."

"You would also imagine the buildings, as they were, to be existing at the present day. It would be an incalculable accession of influence to the Church. But why put a manifestly impossible supposition?"

"Whatever good they would do now, that, so far as it was needed, they did when they existed. It is far easier for our imagination to bring them forward into our own time, than to carry ourselves back into theirs, when we would judge of their influence. Let us imagine, for example, the monasteries of S. Alban's, Reading, S. Edmund's Bury, Glastonbury, Westminster, and York, each with an annual income of about £150,000 to start up amongst us; why, the effect would be little short of miraculous! And you are to remember, that not only would the Church be enabled to erect and endow temples which should even overtake the increase of population, and to supply ministers to meet their necessities: this is not all. She would at once come forward as the instructor of the nation; boards of education would be no longer needed; training schools would at once be provided. There is not an art in which She is concerned, that She would not be able to teach: and the high and low would equally take their first lessons from Her lips. Then the poor, instead of the

negligent or brutal attendance of some miserably paid parish doctor, would be under the skilful care of the infirmarer and his brethren: the sick-bed would be made softer by their kindness, and the mind of the sufferer be naturally drawn by earthly to heavenly things. None would be left to the tender mercies of the relieving officer: the needy would find food by applying at the abbey gate. The Union system, accursed of GOD, and intolerable to man, would vanish like a dream; in short, the Church would, wherever we turned, present the same aspect, that of the great benefactor to man's soul and body. Hospitality, a virtue now almost forgotten, (for who ever entertains strangers as in the olden time?) would revive: and here again, it would be the Church which practised the virtue it preached."

"You must allow," said Col. Abberley, "that the monasteries did not, in the time of their glory, do all this; and that they do not do it now in those countries where they still remain."

"Granted; but then there were other reasons for this, besides that of the corruption of the system. I do not mean, as I said before, to say that it was not corrupted. But the spiritual benefits of the religious houses were less visible; I do not say less real, for I shall have something to add on that point presently; because the parochial system was then so much more fully worked out. Take some instances: I will not pick them, but take them as they occur to me. Lewes, in Sussex, a town with some 8000 in-

habitants has now six churches; before the Reformation it had fifteen, and two monasteries. Thetford, in Norfolk, had then some six or eight, which have now perished. York, well provided as it seems, had lost about the same number. So it is with Durham; so with Exeter; so with Lincoln; so with Norwich; so, in short, with whatever city you examine. And as to the rural districts. We were considering the state of Cornwall. I speak within limits when I say, that not the third part of the churches which stood there before the Reformation, are standing there now. In its wildest parts, there were chapels, offshoots from the parish church, and probably served at intervals by the parish, or assistant, priest. And this leads to another reason why the monasteries exercised a less visible effect on the spiritual welfare of our poor at the time of their suppression than they would do now. I refer to the infinitely greater number of priests whom the Church then supported. In the first place, there were the chantry priests: and without wishing, or finding it necessary, to defend the corruptions of the system with which they were connected, they must have been, or at least, which is sufficient to my argument, they might have been, very important helps in a large parish. Again, almost every church had at least one, often two, deacons attached to it. We may see traces of them in the sedilia which appear on the south side of our old chancels: there is seldom only one; oftener there are two; oftener still, three.

So that with a body of Clergy amply sufficient to take charge of the population, the services of the monks in that way were little needed, and therefore, comparatively speaking, little exerted. As to your objection on the state of the foreign monasteries at the present day, the same reason will apply to them: add to which, that (except in Italy) the religious houses are no where to be found in their original splendour and wealth. France owes their destruction to the revolution; Germany, to the position she occupies, being the great theatre of all European wars; Spain, to the late revolution; Portugal, to the Marquis de Pombal and the Constitution. However, I will acknowledge that in the country where they remained longest, Spain, they were indeed degenerated."

"But you said," replied the Colonel, "that you had other arguments in favour of the system."

"The second I would mention is this: that they acted in the same beneficial way as colleges now act amongst us; nay, that the influence they exercised was even more beneficial. It is evident that the active and laborious life of a parish priest does not allow him time, had he the means, of laying up much deep learning. He must be content with an influence over his immediate flock; for the Church at large, except in the ways of example and prayer, he can do little. He wants the extensive library which he may consult: and it is at the risk of injuring his parish, if he devotes much time to composition, other than for the use of his parish. I

mean of course composition of works which will be, in other days, standard theology. If you run over the writings of our principal divines, you will see that the greatest of their works were written by those who were not, or at least not at that time, engaged in parish duty. Hooker's Polity, is a glorious exception. Now here, colleges and monasteries supplied just that void which I have noticed. They do not make good parish priests; they do not teach a man how to visit the sick or dying bed; how to comfort a penitent; to awaken a hardened sinner; nay, not even how to control a vestry, or to enforce a rate. And I fear that even the modern professorship of Pastoral Theology will not do much in this way. But when any new and dangerous heresy appears, when any great article of the faith is called in question, when the voice of the earliest and purest age of the Church is to be consulted on any given subject; when our own branch of the Church is to be defended against whatever enemy; then there would be, if we had our monasteries, a race of men ready at once to spring up the champions of the Catholick Faith, trained, not by a few hours' study, but by the investigation of years, to unravel the most subtle heresies, and to penetrate, as deeply as man may do, into the depths of Theology. Monasteries are far more suited to the production of such a race than colleges, for many reasons. Firstly, profane literature and science, which must be studied in the latter, to a certain degree, for their own sakes, would in the

former take their own natural position as the handmaids of theology. Then, the religious atmosphere of the one, the constant prayers, the constant Communions, the immediate dedication to GOD, contrast vividly with the attendance on college chapel, the mixture of worthier and higher pursuits with aspiration for worldly honours, and dissipation in worldly pleasures, and connexion in secular business. I am not aware that, with the single exception of Barrow's Sermons, any great work on Divinity has proceeded immediately from the walls of a college, from the revolution till within the last few years; let us hope the case will soon be widely different. But should colleges ever again become the strictly religious foundations which they were designed to be, they never could compete with our ancient monasteries as instruments for the propagation of truth, from a physical reason; the smallness of their funds. What religious houses have been enabled to do in this way, you may see in the glorious Benedictine editions of the Fathers' works, which no individual nor set of individuals could have undertaken, and the risk of which no bookseller could have borne; but which taken in hand by a band of religious men, acting under orders from their superiors, and published at the expense of the community, offer a noble example of one way in which monastick houses may contribute to the glory of GOD. And by whom is such a work likely to be carried on more successfully? Who is the more likely to enter into

the spirit of the Fathers? The man, fresh from the lecture, or the examination, or the hall, or the combination-room, with the papers, good and bad, of twenty classical or mathematical examiners to look over when the appointed progress shall have been made in the work in hand; or he, who with the sweet notes of vespers yet ringing in his ears, looks forward to joining, in a few hours, in the solemn Compline, and perhaps, in a few hours after that, to leave his bed for the first Nocturn? Is there a question, even in a case like this? And how much more must the balance turn in favour of monasteries, when the work in hand is one of dogmatick, still more of practical theology? Who but the inhabitant of such a place could have written the IMITATIO CHRISTI? Who but one living on the same system, could have composed the Sermons and Prayers of Bishop Andrewes?"

"You speak, Sir John," said the Colonel, "in a very different manner of colleges, from that in which you defended them the other day against the attack of Mr. Trenton."

"Do not misunderstand me," replied Sir John. "It is no disparagement to a system to say that it does not fulfil a purpose for which it was not intended. You might as well say that I disparaged a frigate, because I said it would not supply the place of a man of war. From my heart I bless GOD for our colleges: I only say, that they alone can no more supply the place of monasteries, than monasteries alone can supply their place."

"There is certainly," observed Col. Abberley, "a very great similarity between the constitution of a college and monastery. The abbat and the master are personages of much the same nature."

"There is," answered his friend; "though you have hardly traced the analogy correctly. The comparison between a college, cathedral, and abbey, should thus be made out; canons, fellows, monks; sub-prior, vice-master, sub-dean; prior, master, dean; abbat, visitor, bishop. The seat, for instance, of the college master, is the same as that of the cathedral dean; that is, on the south side of the entrance to the choir."

"But now," said Col. Abberley, "let me hear your further observations on the utility of the establishments in question."

"My third argument would be that arising from a consideration of the benefits of intercession. Much of this is, I allow, applicable to the Daily Service as we actually have it: much more was applicable to it when the Hours were said six times, instead of twice, daily. But the beautiful system of nightly prayer, that can only find place in a monastick establishment. The Church then, not content with supplicating the blessing of GOD on Her children at all hours of the day, sends up her petitions for them at a time when they are more peculiarly exposed to danger, and when they are unconscious of the safeguard of Her prayers. And the fourth reason I should dwell on, is the asylum which such places

afford to those who have no other home. The daughters, for example, of clergymen, who, when left orphans must seek their livelihood by going out as governesses, or by some lower way of earning their bread; would they not bless GOD if they could have so holy and so comforting a habitation to which they might fly? There, in different ways, they might effectually serve Him; there, they would daily be consoled by the voice of the Church: there they might weekly, and why not oftener? receive the Holy Communion: instead of being tossed and buffeted about in this world; perhaps, without a home that they can call their own; exposed to all manner of hardships; without friends to cheer or comfort—and all this, not for some high and holy end, but to procure bare subsistence and shelter. So the aged, whose manhood had been taken up in the necessary pursuits of this world; but who had now outlived or settled their families, might they not well be thankful for a place where they might retire, before they died, from the noise and confusion of this world, and prepare themselves for their entrance on the next by deeper penitence, more uninterrupted prayer, and closer communion with GOD? Again; periodical retirement to such a house might be most salutary for one deeply engaged in business: an Advent or Lent so passed would be, as it were, a breathing time for the soul, an untwining the close poisonous embrace of weekly affairs; a strict lesson in setting the affections on things above. This is

often practised in foreign Churches; why should it not be in our own?

"But how is this to be done?" asked the Colonel. "If we are quite unequal now to the re-establishment of the monastick system, what does it advantage us to dwell on its beauties? If we are equal to it; how comes it to pass that it has never been tried? And why do we not find it alluded to with approbation in the works of our standard divines?"

"Its re-establishment," replied Sir John, "is far too long a subject for us to consider when just at our ride's end. But it has been partially tried: I of course refer to the Little Gidding establishment under Nicholas Ferrar. And commended it has been by such writers as Thorndike, Bramhall, and Jeremy Taylor. Nay, do you not know that Burnet (whom I would only quote to the opposers of the system, as an *argumentum ad hominem*) speaks of the re-establishment of nunneries as a work that would ADD HONOUR TO A QUEEN'S REIGN? And does not Bishop Andrewes express in the strongest manner his approval of the system, when he blesses GOD for the holiness of monks, and asceticks, and the beauty of virgins?"

"If, however," returned Col. Abberley, "monasteries were of such benefit as you appear to think, it does seem to me incomprehensible that their dissolution should have been submitted to so tamely, and that so few voices should have been raised in their defence."

"Why," answered Sir John, "there were many reasons for this; but the two principal causes are to be looked for in the corruptions—not of the practice, but of the principles—of the system. No one will now deny, for even Romanists, by their present acts, confess it, that religious houses must be under the controul of the bishop, in whose diocese they are situated. The heart-burnings and jealousies of which the contrary practice had been the source, had alienated the minds of the bishops from those whom, not without cause, they regarded as rivals. The mitred abbat of such a house as S. Alban's in exterior splendour and deportment was quite the equal of a prelate: he gave the blessing in the same way; he wore the same mitre, ring, gloves, and sandals: he carried the same pastoral staff; the only difference being that its crook was turned inwards instead of outwards, to denote that his jurisdiction related only to the internal management of his own house. It was really preposterous that the Easter offerings of the county of Hertford should be made at S. Alban's instead of at Lincoln. And not only does this system of rivalry render the regular clergy objects of jealousy to the bishops; but the means by which this rivalry was supported with success; namely, constant appeals to, and constant dependence on, Rome; rendered them objects of dislike to the people when the corruptions of Rome became too flagrant any longer to be hidden. Of course, it is only human nature that a slight fault

should, in popular estimation, far outweigh the greatest benefit. So the abbeys were, in a certain sense, isolated from the rest of the Church, and accordingly the rest of the Church (partly, perhaps, induced thereto by a promise of eighteen new bishopricks) were quiet spectators of their ruin. Another reason which helped their downfall was, the length to which the system of appropriation had gone among them. The abbey became, so to speak, rector: an ill paid vicar was set over the parish; and he, naturally enough, preferred the life of the religious house to the solitude and poverty of his village home. However, this was not the case everywhere, and some abbeys set a very different example. Witness that of Glastonbury. Many of the most magnificent churches of the west owe their foundation to the liberality and skill of this house: and the parsonages, which, in many instances (though with some mutilations), still remain, shew that the clergy presented to these cures were not non-residents. And the same thing may perhaps be said of S. Edmund's Bury. I know nothing more affecting than the petitions of some of the smaller houses against their dissolution: we have a notable example extant in that of Leyborn[1], in Leicestershire."

[1] It may be seen in Ellis's Collection of Letters, vol. ii. It is addressed by the prioress of this little house to the founder, that is the patron, or lineal descendant of the founder; for the nunnery was removed to Leyborn from Harrington, as early as 1150. Thus it runs: "Right Honourable, our most singular good Master and Founder, our duty in the humblest

"You have spoken much, and from my heart I fear in some respects most truly, of the curse attend-

wise presupposed, with daily prayer of your perpetual and religious beadwomen. Please it your goodness to understand that whereas Almighty GOD hath indued you with the just title of Founder of the Priory of Leyborn, to the great comfort of me and all my sisters, we do and always shall submit ourselves to your most righteous commandment and order, only putting our comfort in your goodness for all causes concerning your poor Priory of Leyborn. And whereas we do hear that a great number of Abbeys shall be punished for misliving, and that all Abbeys and Priories under the value of cc pounds be at our most noble Prince's pleasure to suppress, and put down; yet, if it may please your goodness, we trust in GOD, ye shall hear no complaint against us, neither in our living, nor in our hospitality. In consideration whereof [if] it may please your goodness in our great necessity to be a mean and suiter for your own poor Priory, that it may be preserved and stand, you shall be a more higher Founder to us than he that founded our house. We have none other comfort nor refuge, but only in your goodness, and we wholly submit ourselves to the pleasure of GOD, to the pleasure of our Prince, and to the pleasure of you our Founder, and howsoever it shall please GOD that we shall be ordered, we shall continue your faithful and true beadwomen. As knoweth the LORD, Who ever preserve you to your heart's content.

Your own daily beadwomen,
JANE MESSYNDYNE, Prioress,
and sisters of the Priory of Leyborne.

It appears that Cromwell's agents were sometimes touched with some compunction in the midst of their villany. The four visitors of Catesby Nunnery thus remonstrate:—"Which house of Catesby we found in very perfect order; the prioress a sure, wise, discrete, and very religious woman, with ix

ing private possessions of abbey lands. Now is it not an undeniable fact, that our country, as a country, has never flourished so much as it has done since the dissolution? And taking your own grounds of argument; does not this prove much against your assertion of the sin of that measure?"

"I am by no means prepared to admit," replied Sir John Morley, "that national prosperity is any criterion of GOD's favour to a nation. It is of course easy to collect a large quantity of passages from the Old Testament which seem to prove that it is. But these, (and it is important to remember it,) were specially addressed to a people living under an immediate Theocracy: and in which worldly prosperity was one of the chief blessings attached by GOD's covenant as well to national, as to private, religion. Still, we have traces of an occasionally different method of procedure on the part of the Ruler of all

nunnes under her obedience, as religious and devoute, and with as good obedience as we have in time past seen, or belike shall see. The said house standeth in such a quarter much to the relief of the King's people, and his Grace's subjects are there likewise much relieved. Wherefore," they continue, "if it should please the King to have any remorse, we think that his Grace cannot appoint any more deserving house to remain."

The orators of the Protestant Association, and others of the same "persuasion," might do well to read this, and other testimonies of a similar kind, to be found in class Cleopatra in the Harleian MSS. Even they must allow the cruelty and injustice done to these defenceless women, though they may slight the insult offered to GOD.

things. '*Though the* LORD *give thee the bread of affliction, and the water of affliction, yet shall not thy teachers be removed into a corner any more:*' this is evidently designed as a promise and as a blessing. And if the prosperity of nations is to be the measure of their goodness, who were ever more pious than the Lydians, Babylonians, and Romans? What people ever pleased GOD more than the Saracens and their successors? Nay, there was more religion in England under Cromwell than at any time previously; more under Louis XIV. in France, than either previously or subsequently. And how, according to this hypothesis, did it come to pass, that the reception of Christianity by Rome accompanied her fall? No; the hypothesis will not hold; but if it did, your case would be by no means clear. True; England seems at the present time to be greater than ever: both in commercial enterprise, and in successful warfare, in talent, and industry, and wealth, and glory. But is this all real? Is there not within her a deadly disease, which no remedies as yet administered, have affected? Are not the condition of the poor, and the general and rapid spread of atheistical and anarchical principles tokens of a downfall (unless GOD of his mercy interpose), sudden, and fearful? Did not Niebuhr long since give it as his opinion (and who was a deeper political philosopher than he?) that England, like Rome under the emperors, was sinking, slowly, but surely, by a decay, of which the cause could not be explained, and therefore

for which no cure could be found? Your arguments cannot, indeed they cannot, stand: we have 'robbed GOD,' and His Church: and while we hold the gains thus acquired, how can we pretend, as a nation, to make any freewill offering? Talk of our charities! Why, we are not paying the interest of the money seized at the Dissolution. Talk of our prospect for good! 'Riches, unjustly gotten, shall not profit in the day of calamity.'"

CHAPTER IX.

Delicta majorum immeritus lues,
Romane, donec templa refeceris,
Ædesque labentes deorum, et
Fœda nigro simulacra fumo. HORACE.

THE above conversation took place on a fine mild day in December; and as the Baronet and his friend alighted from their horses at Ayton church, the works were still carrying on, and with the more activity, as the weather gave every promise of continuing open. The principal attention had, during the summer and autumn, been paid to the chancel, as it was Sir John's wish that service should be performed here during the winter months; for which the Bishop had promised his licence; as the nave and aisles would not be finished till the following midsummer. It was intended to begin the intermediate service on Christmas-day; and Sir John's visit on the present occasion was principally to see that no unnecessary delay prevented the accomplishment of his wish. The scene, as it met the eyes of the visitors, was, both morally

and physically, beautiful. The situation of the church had been well chosen. It was at the distance of not more than two hundred yards from the principal part of the village of Ayton, (Ayton Commander, as it was called, to distinguish it from Lower Ayton), but yet completely by itself. A gentle hill rose behind, at the bottom of which four fine ashes, picturesquely grouped together, shaded the churchyard; at the foot of this hill, meadows stretched away right and left, and on the south side of the building was Ayton Lane. The chancel was almost finished; the nave had not risen more than twelve feet. The churchyard, fenced towards the lane with a flint wall, and bordered by hedges on the other side, was occupied by two long sheds, a saw-pit, and several blocks of Caen stone, carefully raised from the ground on rollers, and matted, in case of frost.

"Well, Whitley," said Sir John to the clerk of the works, "how are we getting on?"

"Vastly well, indeed, Sir John; no fear about the opening on Christmas-day now. We want orders about the way in which the benches are to be placed inside, and where the pulpit is to stand."

"We will step in," Sir John replied. "You have not seen the interior since it was roofed, you were telling me, Colonel?"

"No," said Colonel Abberley. "I wish very much to see what you have been doing."

Following the clerk of the works, they entered through a door constructed in the temporary brick

partition with which the chancel arch was fitted. Col. Abberley seemed lost in astonishment, and could hardly find words to express his admiration. And, indeed, a more practised eye than the Colonel's might have dwelt on the building with delight. There were the eastern window of five lights, and the three side windows of three, all glowing in stained glass that would not have disgraced an earlier age; there was the plain altar-slab, supported on three simple shafts; the ascent to the altar, seeming to defend itself from profane feet by its own majesty, and standing in no need of rails; the floor of the chancel was laid down with encaustick tiles, inscribed with flower work, heraldick devices, badges, and foliated circles; those beyond the altar steps were richer, and represented the Holy Lamb, the Thirsty Hart, the instruments of Crucifixion and the like. Before the steps stood an oaken praying-desk, flanked with two poppy heads, and lined with red velvet, on which the letters IHS were worked in gold thread. The roof was an imitation of those magnificent specimens of woodwork which have made Suffolk famous; for Mr. Wykeham, although intending that the fabrick of the church should be simply and purely Decorated, had, after some hesitation, decided on a Perpendicular roof; giving it at the same time a higher pitch than was usual in the decline of Christian architecture. Hence Sir John and his friend walked into the nave; the sharply turned bases of the piers and jamb shafts of

the windows already gave promise of a glorious building.

"What stone is this?" inquired Colonel Abberley, pointing to the walls.

"Caen stone, sir, the shafts and jambs, and so forth; the other comes from Winsford Hill, up here."

"I did not know that there was a quarry there," remarked Colonel Abberley.

"Nor was there," replied Sir John: "but I had reason to think that the stone of that hill would be a very good building stone, and so it turned out. One of the most pleasing things about this building is, that the farmers round have, quite of their own accord, given me, some one, some two, some three days' carting; and, in some cases, mere labourers have requested to be allowed to do half or a quarter day's work. One honest tenant of mine, who had a fine healthy young yew on his ground, asked to be allowed to plant it in the churchyard."

"Well," said the Colonel, "you are quite effecting a return to the spirit of the old church-building times. What," he continued, "is the use of those red crosses on the various blocks of stone which are lying about in the churchyard?"

"Why, sir," answered Whitley, "that's done that they may lie *unanimous* with the way they lay in the quarry. It doesn't make much matter with good stone, but it's as well done as not; and so I always give

orders to Victor Luard, at Caen, that he should send us every block marked."

"You seem forced to take a good deal of care of them," remarked the Colonel, pointing to the rollers under the unworked stone, and to the straw with which the bases of the piers and doorjambs were wrapped.

"Bless you, sir, yes! It's as tender as a baby, the frost splinters it to nothing, if it gets damp at all. This way, sir; this is one of our workshops. And he led the way into one of the long sheds we before mentioned. Here were some noble planks of well seasoned oak, of thickness such as might well challenge comparison with that used in old churches; there were poppy heads, and seat-ends, and misereres, fresh from the chisel, and in all the beauty of their first sharpness.

"Fine thick planks," said the Colonel. "Are they your growing, Sir John?"

"Why, sir," said Whitley, "you don't think that this wood was cut down a' purpose for this church? It's been cut these five years, if it's been cut a day. Try this, sir," and he balanced one of the seat-ends on its base. The Colonel made an ineffectual attempt to raise it with one hand, and complimented the clerk on its solidity.

"Ay, sir," said Whitley, patting and stroking the poppy head as if it had been a child, "it's not often you'll see a piece of timber like that, I'll warrant you. That piece, sir, took a man one month

to carve, and beautifully well he has done it, surely," he added, with another approving pat.

"What's all this?" demanded Colonel Abberley, pointing to a work table, on which lay several strips of paper, figured over with a variety of crotchets, and presenting an unintelligible mass of design to an uninstructed eye.

"These are the working drawings for the font cover, sir. It is to stand sixteen feet from the font—that's two and twenty from the ground, including the steps; and then it's to work up and down from one of the hammer beams, with a carved pulley and twisted silk rope; the counterpoise will be a dove—so as the cover goes up, the dove comes down."

"And do you find that your workmen take an interest in their work?"

"A deep interest," said Sir John; "they watch it with an allowable kind of complacency. And one or two of them show considerable promise as carvers. This, now, strikes me as very well done;" and he took up a pelican in her piety, intended to form the finish to the font cover.

"Admirable!" exclaimed the Colonel.

"Now, sir," said their cicerone, "this way, if *you* please. This is our masons' shop."

Here were gurgoyles of the most grotesque appearance, and formidable dimensions; bases with deeply shaded mouldings; capitals with rich foliage, and the various pieces of carved work, which now seeming useless and unmeaning, were to form the

rich tracery of the windows. But that which principally riveted the Colonel's attention, was the magnificent but yet unfinished font, which lying horizontally, and supported through the water drain in its centre on a kind of iron pivot, which revolved on two wooden "horses," could be made to turn round, so as to bring any part required to the chisel. It seemed almost alive with the soft gay foliage which twined around its sacred emblems. There were also the pinnacle crosses; all rich—each differing from the other.

"Was there not," asked the visitor, "after expressing his admiration of the skill and taste displayed, "an inscription on the foundation stone, Sir John? I have never yet read it."

They walked to the south-eastern angle of the chancel, and Sir John pointed out the legend. It ran thus:—

✠ In nomine Dei, Amen. ✠ Ad Gloriam Sanctissimae et Individuae Trinitatis et in honorem Beatae Mariae semper Virginis positus est primus lapis hujus ecclesiae, pecunia multis ab hinc annis profanos in usus diversa, jam vero SS. Ecclesiae restituta, exstructae. A.S. MDCCC.....

"I am so little of a scholar now," said the Colonel, "whatever I might have been, that I really cannot interpret the inscription, particularly when clothed in such typography.

"Thus it reads," said the FOUNDER. "In the

Name of God, Amen. To the Glory of the Most Holy and Undivided Trinity, and in honour of Blessed Mary, ever Virgin, the first stone of this church, built with money long misappropriated to profane uses, now restored to the Holy Church, was laid in the year 18—."

Colonel Abberley, after another look round at the operations, bade farewell to Sir John Morley, and rode home. On his table he found an application for the use of his abbey for a dinner party from Mr. Trenton; and if anything could have led him to feel more deeply his own unhappy position as the owner of church property, it was his liability to receive requests like these, involving the most painful desecration of what was still hallowed ground. "Well," he thought, "if I cannot now repair the error I made in purchasing the property, at least I can and will at once and for ever put a stop to practices, which to men possessed of the least feeling, putting religion out of the question, must be very painful." And he accordingly dispatched an answer to Mr. Trenton, setting forth at some length, and with the greatest pains to avoid offence, the reasons why he could not comply with his request.

"Here's a pretty thing!" said Mr. Trenton to his friend Mr. Tomkins, who occasionally favoured him with a call, when he did so a few days afterwards; "a very pretty thing indeed! I knew how it would be when old Morley took up his crotchet about the duty of giving up church property. I knew it would

not stop there! Here's what one might expect from a follower of his—such as that Colonel Abberley will become in less than no time!"

"What is the matter, sir?" asked the preacher.

"Matter!" cried Mr. Trenton. "Matter enough, I think. Why, sir, the whole nation's turning Popish. Here, I did but send a simple note to Colonel Abberley, asking him to let me bring a few friends to dinner in the abbey next Friday, (the thing has never been refused) and here I have an answer telling me in the civillest possible way that I shan't! I shan't, sir! Think of that! And why, pray? Why, forsooth, because the ground is hallowed, and all that stuff? Hallowed, indeed, by a parcel of lazy old monks, that it is perfect blessing to be rid of! Why, sir, I shall begin to doubt if we're in a Protestant land or not. It's enough to drive one mad, to hear such nonsense talked with all the gravity possible, and by a man like that, too! One might expect to see it in a parson, especially if he were a Puseyite; but Abberley is neither the one nor the other."

"Awful times, sir! awful times! The strides which Popery is making in the Establishment are perfectly surprising. To say nothing of what's going on in the world, only glance at what is taking place immediately around us! There's Studham: Mr. Morley has prayers twice a day, preaches in his surplice, continually brings forward that most awful doctrine, Baptismal Regeneration, plainly tells his people that they can't be justified without good

works, pretends that he has the power of absolution, and I know not what else. Then his father is building a church at Ayton; the most frightfully Popish thing you can conceive. I declare to you, sir, I was perfectly shocked when I went into it the other day. Then, as if the Church was not rich enough before, here's an addition made to the Vicar's income of £400 a year, and the vicarage turned into a rectory. In short, turn wherever you will, the cloven foot of the beast has left a print."

(This last metaphor, which appeared to produce an impression on Mr. Trenton, had been used by Mr. Tomkins the Sunday before, at the New Connexion.)

"It does indeed, Mr. Tomkins, it does indeed. Sir, I honour you for the feeling you display on this subject. I have always called myself a Churchman, as you perhaps know, but I can assure you that I never was bigoted; in fact, when I was in business I was as often at chapel as at church. (This was strictly true: Mr. Trenton had confined his attendance on publick worship to about twice a year.) But to tell you the truth, I have some thoughts of joining your congregation. I was disgusted by the intolerant way Sir John behaved about the teetotal meeting: come to *me* another time, sir, and you shall have another kind of answer."

"Sir, I am exceedingly obliged—sir, you do me great honour," replied Mr. Tomkins. "I need not say that it would be a proud day for me which added to my congregation a gentleman of such talents and

so much religious feeling as yourself. But this emboldens me to proffer a little request. In the hope of doing something to stop this torrent of superstition, I have for some time thought of delivering a course of lectures at the Wesleyan chapel on the subjects which are now the principal topicks of controversy. My excellent friend, Mrs. Laxington, has led me to expect the greatest success; and I must say that I am not without the hope of doing good. If I could obtain a name, sir, so deservedly influential as yours, I feel certain that it would be of the greatest advantage to my design. I have taken the liberty of bringing a programme with me; perhaps you will look at it."

Mr. Trenton read as follows:—

"The Rev. J. Tomkins proposes to deliver a series of six lectures on the Tractarian Controversy, at the New Connexion Chapel, Monk Teynton; to commence at twelve o'clock on Friday, January 16th, and to be continued every Friday, at the same hour. Tickets to be procured on application (in person or post-paid) of Mr. Tomkins, Teynton; or of Messrs. Paull and Son, Studham. Terms:—for one lecture, 2*s.* 6*d.*; for the whole course, 10*s.* Children half price. The chapel will be warmed.

"ANALYSIS.

"LECTURE 1.

"Introduction—easiness of the subject—difficulties with which it has been surrounded—the Bible

and the Bible alone the Religion of Protestants—duty of Private Judgement—example of the Beræans—lamentable spread of Popery—encouraged by the supineness of the Heads of the Establishment.

"LECTURE 2.

"General idea of the Church—false notions entertained on the subject—Bishop Pearson's view—refuted from Scripture—Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity—its feebleness and diffuseness—specimens of its reasoning—Wesley's later opinions—vindicated and supported.

"LECTURE 3.

"Baptismal Regeneration—glaring absurdity of the doctrine—disproved from Scripture and common sense—Doctrine of the Merit of Good Works—confuted by the Epistle to the Romans—scope of that Epistle—weak reasonings of Bishop Bull—Justification by Faith alone the end and aim of Scripture.

"LECTURE 4.

"Other heresies of the new school—Transubstantiation—Prayers for the Dead—Belief that the Church of Rome is not the Antichrist of Scripture—Popish building and adorning of Churches.

"LECTURE 5.

"Spread of the Tractarian Doctrines—Oxford—Cambridge—London—Ireland—America—principal

works published in defence of them—Triumphant confutation of all by several champions of the Protestant Faith.

"LECTURE 6.

"Wesleyan Methodism—its rise and spread—witness borne to it—sudden conversions and happy deaths of many of its disciples—neither dissent nor schism—its present struggles—its future prospects—recapitulation—conclusion."

"Well, sir," said Mr. Trenton, "they seem to me to be calculated to do a great deal of good, and I shall be very glad to take six tickets. If I can, I will certainly be there; but I must take care of the gout, you know; and so you must not be surprised if you don't see me. Send me the tickets, however, and I'll pay for them."

With a profusion of acknowledgements, the future lecturer took his leave; and the tickets were forwarded within a few minutes after his reaching home.

In the mean time, a very different scene was going on in the study of Teynton Park. That morning Charles Abberley had requested his father to take a turn in the grounds, and in the course of their walk he acquainted him with his attachment to Catherine Morley, and requested his sanction to his informing Sir John of it, and obtaining his leave to plead his own cause to his daughter.

"My dear Charles," said his father, "I have feared

these two months past that you were laying up a bitter disappointment for yourself. My leave you have willingly—and my best wishes for your success; what I have seen of Miss Morley's disposition I like; Sir John I esteem more than most men: the family are in every way unexceptionable. But, take my word for it, you will not succeed."

"Why not?" asked his son hastily. "Not because there is any person—any one—who—"

"Any rival in the question? not that I know of. No: but I know enough of Sir John to be certain that he will never give his consent to his daughter's marriage into a family holding the kind of property which we do. I had intended to tell you what I thought of the matter before; but I never was so fully persuaded of Sir John's determination on matters of this kind, as I was in a ride I had with him to his church the other day. Now, I will be quite open with you. I had not considered the subject when I bought this property. If I had, I certainly would never have purchased it. As it is, I must make the best of it: here I am, and here I shall stay. Think before you act, that is all I say. If you fail, you will make it almost necessary for yourself to leave the neighbourhood for some time. That you will not like. Yet, if you are determined to try, the sooner the better; you will have the less bitter disappointment, and you will sooner get over it."

"I had thought of this difficulty before;" said Charles. "I am sorry you think it one, too. How-

ever, it will not mend by waiting; so I will e'en try my fortune this very morning."

"Remember," said his father, "you have my best wishes—but I warn you against being too sanguine."

"Do you not know?" asked Charles:

> "He either fears his fate too much,
> Or his deserts are small,
> Who dares not put it to the touch,
> To win or lose it all?"

And in half an hour he was galloping to Teynton Park.

Some two hours subsequently, as Colonel Abberley was writing in his library, his son rode slowly up the park, finding his way back rather, it seemed, by the sagacity of his horse, than by any exercise of volition on his own part. The Colonel waited with some anxiety for the well known quick step in the hall.

"It is as you thought," said Charles, slowly entering. "Explain it to my mother, will you? You shall see me as usual at dinner." And before his father could make any inquiries, or offer any consolation, he had retreated.

A few days afterwards, it was known in Teynton, that Mr. Abberley was going to spend some weeks with a friend in the south of England.

CHAPTER X.

'I am sure they that commenced the war against the king and the Church first fell out with our Liturgy, and refused to join us in our prayers: I have therefore a strong persuasion, that if we were joined in our prayers, we should quickly be united in affection.—BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR.

WE have already seen, that George Morley, though he had at first enjoyed considerable popularity at Studham, soon experienced a great change in the feelings and behaviour of his parishioners. Those of them who, before Mr. Fortescue's time, had taken the most active part in the management of the societies, schools, and bible classes then in vogue, and who, even in the incumbency of that gentleman had maintained all their own dignity and pre-eminence, although he took no part in their proceedings, found their position considerably lowered, and their influence much diminished, when Mr. Morley declared himself diametrically opposed to their principles and to the practice of the institutions which they upheld. After trying in vain to force them upon

him; after, both by anonymous letters, and by other means, acquainting him with their sentiments on his sermons and views, and finding that he still kept on in the old course, as little depressed by their dislike as he had been elated by their approbation; more especially, when they saw that his vigorous measures were beginning to effect a very decided change, for they would not call it improvement, in the parochial schools; they determined on trying what other means might do. The scheme of establishing a proprietary chapel seemed the best: and accordingly one or two gentlemen were appointed to inquire into the probable expense and practicability of such a plan, and engaged to report progress at the expiration of a month.

A very large number of the "friends and admirers of evangelical truth," for so they termed themselves, met in one of the principal rooms of the Bull and Gridiron, at the time appointed. There were chairs and benches in the centre of the room for those who intended to be auditors, while those who had any idea of addressing the meeting, took their station at the upper end, where several chairs were placed round a table furnished with pens, paper, and a large black inkstand.

Mr. Turnbull, a retired grocer, was unanimously called to the chair. Not having been in the habit of addressing assemblies of this, or indeed of any other kind, he appeared in some confusion, and totally ignorant how to commence business. Having

made one abortive attempt with the words, *Ladies and Gentlemen*, the meeting being composed wholly of the latter, he at length expressed his belief that his excellent friend, Mr. Larkins, had a communication to make which would be highly gratifying to those before him.

Mr. Larkins, an auctioneer of considerable repute, and therefore not at all intimidated by the presence of his auditory, said:

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—in obedience to the wishes expressed by the last meeting, in company with the gentlemen then named as my colleagues, I proceeded to make enquiries on the subject of the proprietary chapel which we propose to erect. As, however, there are many in the room who were not amongst us on the previous occasion, I shall take the liberty of stating the reasons which, in the opinion of many of the most respectable inhabitants of Studham and its vicinity, render such a step desirable, if not imperative. The experience of the past winter has shown, that while our present rector occupies that position, we must not expect to hear within the walls of our church that Gospel to which we have, for so long a time, been accustomed. Of that gentleman, personally speaking, I have not a complaint to make. We are, I presume, all sensible of his attainments; and can only wish that they were directed to a better end, than that of propagating Puseyism. As this, however, is an event rather to be wished for than expected, it becomes us to take

the matter into our own hands: and since we cannot hear the truth at the old church, why, we will hear it at the new one (applause). I do not think that we need at present anticipate any difficulties in the procuring of the Bishop's licence: and if these should occur, it will then be our duty to consider whether we do not prefer to be guilty of an uncanonical irregularity, than to sin against the first principles of Christianity, by supporting a clergyman who disseminates error. I will therefore give you the estimate of the expenses of the proposed building, and the manner in which we think of providing for them. There is an unoccupied piece of ground between Freeschool-lane and Adelaide-street measuring forty-three feet by thirty-eight. This, with galleries, would, in Mr. Stubbing's calculation, give ample room for six hundred. The expense, including the internal fittings, would amount, including the ground, to about £1500, more or less. We propose to make twenty shares of £75 each. We may fairly count on every seat being let, if we only provide ourselves with a truly evangelical preacher. Taking them one with another, they will produce thirty shillings a year: or £900 on the whole. We should recommend that the salary of the preacher be £500: the expenses of repair, lighting, &c. may probably amount to the sum of £50 annually. This will leave to the trustees an annual revenue of £350; which will bring £17. 10*s.* to each. I need not point out the advantageous character of this investment: the annual

return will be somewhat over twenty-three per cent. We further propose to insure the security of this interest by a clause in our stipulation with our minister, to the effect, that in case the revenues arising from the chapel should fall below £900, the deficiency should be borne by him and not by us. I believe I have now laid the outline of our scheme before the meeting. I may perhaps add, that some addition to the income of the chapel will in all probability be made, by the occupation of its vaults as wine vaults."

Mr. Sharpe, an attorney, rose to propose the formation of a committee for the purpose of carrying the design recommended by Mr. Larkins into effect. As to the duty of the step, whatever unpleasant consequences it might entail personally on those who took it, nothing could to him be clearer. They must never forget those memorable words, the trumpet-sound of which seemed ever to ring in his ears; words, spoken by an evangelical clergyman of the Church of England, to a large and respectable congregation, and referring to ministers of a similar stamp with their own, "Desert the churches, refuse to recognise the ministry of these Anglo-Catholicks! Speak strong expressions—they would do so: they would set no store by their own expenses or labours, so that the truth they loved might be transmitted by them to their children, whole and untainted as they received it."

Mr. Smith would not destroy the effect of his

eloquent friend's speech by any addition of his own. He contented himself with seconding the motion.

Several gentlemen were expressing their willingness to become shareholders, when our old friend, Mr. Wingfield, who had been an attentive listener, begged leave to say a few words.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I'm a plain spoken man, and don't want you to take my advice for more than it's worth. I should like to ask Mr. Larkins what he means by Puseyism; but I never yet found any one who knew its meaning—so I suppose he don't: therefore I won't trouble him for an answer. What I mean to say is this: Stubbing can build as cheap as any man: I don't deny it; more by token, four of his chapels have fallen down before they were well finished. But if you think to get the place you are talking of for £1500; why, I wish you *may* get it. And if, when you've built it, you get six hundred people to fill it, why there are more geese in Studham than I thought. That's all. Good morning, gentlemen."

Mr. Larkins threw himself on the meeting. Was he to be, he might say, insulted, by a gentleman who evidently was totally unacquainted with business, solely because he had laid himself out to meet, as far as he could, the wishes of his friends and neighbours?

This brought a vote of thanks to the energetick auctioneer, and a committee having been nominated, of which he was to act as perpetual chairman, and the

able conduct of Mr. Turnbull in the chair having been duly acknowledged, the meeting separated.

Thenceforth, operations were carried on with great energy and success. As church-room was really wanted in Studham, Mr. Morley did not consider himself justified in throwing any obstacles in the way of the licence. He contented himself with pointing out the mercenary spirit which actuated the proposers of this notable scheme, and warning his hearers against the results to which it would lead: the criticizing and captious spirit in which the discourses of the minister would be heard, and the unchristian power lodged nominally in the trustees, but eventually in the congregation. In the following summer, High-street chapel was ready to be opened. An advertisement in several of the principal papers for an active evangelical clergyman, brought a considerable number of applications: and from these the trustees chose three, whose testimonials they considered superior to the rest, and whom they determined to hear for themselves, before making their final decision. The gentlemen in question were accordingly informed that they were to preach in the morning, afternoon, and evening, respectively, of the following Sunday: for though in future, the chapel was to be open only morning and evening, on the present occasion it was to have three services performed in it. Mr. Larkins, on whom the task of announcing this determination had devolved, received violent remonstrances from the preacher who had

the evening allotted for his exhibition. He, however, pacified him by observing, "that really the morning service was so long, that one was never so well disposed to hear a sermon after it: that the afternoon was not a favourable time either; because, coming after dinner, the discourse often sent people to sleep; and that these two drawbacks gave the evening lecturer as fair a chance of success as his brethren."

The eventful morning came. The chapel was crowded. The trustees took their seats in the pews nearest the pulpit, in order that they might not lose a word of the discourse on which they were to form their judgement. Their inattention during the prayers was singularly contrasted by the fixed and solemn abstraction in which they listened to the preacher, a worthy clergyman of the older evangelical school, when good works were not discarded from the creed of its partizans, and a future reckoning was sometimes brought before them, ay, and that according to their works. As he delivered his text—that verse in which St. Paul announced his determination of knowing nothing among his converts, but Him Who is the sum and end of all preaching, not one of the trustees but felt that the luxury of their present position would have been cheaply purchased by the money they had already expended in procuring it; and which, by the way, amounted to considerably more than they had been led to expect. The style of the preacher was plain, and his discourse was

good, so far as any discourse can be so in which no mention is made of the Church, as the Body in which, and of the Holy Sacraments as the means by which, we must look for the manifestation and influence of the grace of GOD. Nothing appeared to strike the tastes of the judges; and in fact their attention had flagged very considerably, when it was recalled by the sentence, "I would therefore impress upon you, my brethren, a deep sense of the importance of every, even the most trivial, action. Once done, it cannot be undone, even by repentance: and once written down against you, it must be answered for at the Great Day of final account, when you must all be judged according to your works." One or two significant glances were exchanged among the criticks: and it was observed that their attention relaxed into a state of profound listlessness, as if they were not unwilling to indemnify themselves for the painful tension of thought it had latterly been necessary to exercise. The afternoon discourse appeared more to their taste: yet it was generally whispered about among the congregation that the expectation of the trustees had been a little disappointed. But the evening preacher, who was an Irishman, and who trusted entirely to his extemporary powers, bore away, both in the opinion of trustees and congregation, the bell; and was, by general consent, named without a moment's hesitation the successful candidate.

Such were the auspices under which the new pro-

prietary chapel opened: and for some time its success fully answered the most ardent wishes of its supporters. The attendance at the parish church was much thinned: for the seats at the new place of worship were not filled by those who were unprovided with any room at church, but by those who had hitherto formed a part of George Morley's flock. He, however, went on in his old course; persisting, "through evil report and good report," in that system which he felt to be alone consistent with his position as a Priest of the One Church of GOD.

Charles Abberley, when he left his father's house, betook himself to the quiet rectory of a college friend, who had but lately taken possession of it. Mr. Sanders, the clergyman in question, had that easy character, which disposed him to take that view of any subject brought before him which would give him the least trouble: and therefore, on being made, as he speedily was, the confidant of his friend's distress, offered the best consolations in his power: these being, that the very singular objection which had influenced Sir John Morley's refusal, showed him plainly to be a person of such a warped turn of mind, that the alliance, so far as it respected him, was to be entirely deprecated. Charles Abberley's mind was by no means made up on the subject: for though, as might be inferred from a former communication of his to Sir John on the matter; he had much reverence for the decaying structures of our abbeys, and felt that they were, in some sense, holy ground,

he was not prepared to go so far as to assert that the tenure of them by laymen was utterly and totally indefensible. The argument, which seemed to him of the greatest weight on the opposite side, was the following: If lands, once dedicated to GOD, are to be scrupulously returned by the possessors, and reappropriated to their original use, where are we to stop in our desire to do justice? Is enquiry to be made with respect to every acre, whether it was rightly and justly acquired in the first instance? If an unfair bargain was concluded by a remote ancestor, are we to seek out the descendant of him who was the loser by it, and reimburse to him the sum which we believe to have been improperly made our own? If not, what line of distinction can we draw between the two cases? If we are, there is apparently a *reductio ad absurdum* of the original argument; for no property could then be held, at least with any security. At the same time, our enquirer saw that this difficulty did not at all impair the force of those positive arguments which he had fully heard from Sir John, and which his own good sense and right feeling had partly suggested to himself. He was also fully aware of the great importance of the question, and determined on giving it an attentive consideration: the rather, as knowing that, in the ordinary course of things, Ayton Priory would some day become his own, and that a decided judgement must, at all events then, be formed upon the subject. He therefore procured such books as he conceived most

likely to bear on the question; he studied from Blackstone the generally received notions of the tenure of landed property; and in Spelman, he read with the utmost attention the opinions which that writer entertained on the subject of sacrilege generally, and particularly of that connexion with abbey lands, in which he himself was likely to be involved. At length, his mind gradually seemed to open to a clearer view; and he was enabled to draw a line between the genuine inferences deducible from that definition of sacrilege, which Sir Henry Spelman adopts, and those consequences which had previously appeared to him necessary, but which he now saw to be founded on a misapprehension of the whole argument. He saw that, with respect to all transactions between man and man, where the acquisition of an estate was in question, human justice might be appealed to, if there were any suspicions of unfair dealing, or any certainty of forcible occupation: that even with respect to those estates which in a change of dynasty, or in the course of a revolution, were transferred from one family to another, it was evident that property, belonging to man, must be involved in the changes and fluctuations to which its possessor was liable. But the case, he thought, was different, when applied to possessions immediately set apart for the glory of Him Who knoweth not change; His title can never become extinct: that, inasmuch as human laws do not reach, and indeed, were never intended to have reference to, wrongs im-

mediately done to the ALMIGHTY, except so far as they are also offences against man, He had been pleased to take, as long experience testified, the punishment into His own hands. Where the injured party—if any such there were—was one of our fellow creatures, we might safely leave it to him to complain: in the other case, we are the parties, and we are alone concerned, to examine into the defect of our title, and to make good our unjustly acquired property. There was besides, he found reason to believe, considerable difference between the possession of property by a race of individuals, with no further connexion between themselves, than that which arose from family, and that held by a corporate body, intended by its Founder to be everlasting, and therefore, in a certain sense, the same throughout all succeeding ages. Human laws, he observed, made a distinction between the property of families and that of corporations in general: how much more should it prevail where that mystical incorporation, the Church, is concerned?

Having made up his mind as to the truth of the axiom, "Once the Church's, always the Church's," his next determination was that Ayton Priory, if it ever fell into his hands, should be given up to the Church: in what manner, he did not think it necessary to decide, as the advice of those whom he could depend on would, of course, much influence him. He then, after due consideration, dispatched a letter to his father, containing his own views on the

question, and the steps by which he had been led to them. He entreated Colonel Abberley not to imagine that any hope of prevailing in his suit had influenced him; he was prepared, he said, to give the best proof he could of this by promising not again to press it, if his father would only be prevailed on to part with the abbey estate. This was the furthest point which he now thought it prudent to aim at; his father, he knew, would ridicule the idea of surrendering it freely: the money received for its purchase, if ever it should come into his own possession, he would consider sacred; and, in the meantime, the immediate curse attending the possession of those lands would be taken off the family.

The Colonel was somewhat discomposed by the receipt of this letter; he knew his son well enough to be aware that he was indeed influenced by conscientious, not by interested, motives; and a certain voice, in the recesses of his heart, told him that the advice was good. Finding it a difficult task to reply fully to it, he contented himself with the following answer.

"Ayton Priory, Feb. 8.

"Dear Charles,

"I have received your letter, which I dare say is very well meant. Like other well-meant things, however, it is not particularly conclusive. To answer it briefly, and once for all, I will say thus much. I like the estate here; I have in some measure improved it, and I intend further improvements; I

have not the slightest intention of parting with it. When you come into possession of it, it will, of course, be of no importance to me what becomes of it; and I have no sort of desire that after my death it should continue in the family. I must now request that this subject be hereafter dropped between us.

"We are expecting you back, as soon as you can make up your mind to be happy in your old quarters. I hear that Miss Morley is about to be married: I cannot say what truth there is in the report.

"Your affectionate father,
"CHARLES ABBERLEY."

This letter was never, as the reader will see, to reach the person to whom it was addressed.

CHAPTER XI.

. . . Not to-day, O LORD!
Oh, not to-day! think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown.
Five hundred poor I have in daily pay,
Who twice a day their withered hands hold up
Towards heav'n, to pardon blood.
. . . More will I do;
Tho' all that I can do be nothing worth;
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon. KING HENRY V.

A FEW days after the dispatch of the above epistle, Colonel Abberley had ridden over to Teynton Park for the purpose of calling on his friend; the intercourse between them, somewhat interrupted by Charles Abberley's unfortunate attachment, standing now on nearly its original footing.

Sir John Morley, of course, knew nothing of the request which Charles had made to his father, or of its refusal; the effects, however, of having got rid of a troublesome business by a decisive answer, were very visible in Colonel Abberley, who was more than usually cheerful and communicative.

"I wish," he said, "that you would give me your advice, Sir John, with respect to a plan that has been proposed to me for giving better effect to the ruins, by planting on the north side. I do not profess to be much of a landscape gardener myself, but the change, it strikes me, would be very pleasing."

The subject was canvassed for some little time, with much more interest, however, on the part of the visitor than on that of the host; the latter feeling the greatest repugnance towards discussing a design whereby an abbey was viewed only in the light of a picturesque ruin.

"I am sorry to hear, Sir John," said his friend, "that your son finds so much opposition at Studham. I fancy he must almost regret that he accepted that living."

"He was tolerably well prepared, I think, for the enmity which an unflinching, uncompromising course of conduct in a minister will always at first call out."

A letter was here brought in to Colonel Abberley; the servant informing him that his own groom was waiting for his answer.

"What is the matter, Colonel Abberley?" asked Sir John Morley, as he saw his friend's countenance change.

Colonel Abberley put the letter into Sir John's hands without speaking, and, leaning on the mantle-piece, covered his face with his hands. It was hastily and almost illegibly written by Mr. Sanders, and

contained the information that Charles Abberley had fallen in the course of riding, that a concussion of the brain had taken place—that his life was despaired of —and that if his father wished to find him alive, he must lose no time in setting off on that sad journey. The letter had been directed "to be opened," and Mrs. Abberley, knowing where her husband was, had forwarded it instantly.

"O, Sir John," said the poor father, "this is all, all owing to myself! If my boy dies, I shall have killed him. You don't know all—some day I will tell you—now don't keep me—I may see him once again, at all events—he may forgive me: pray, pray don't keep me," he added, as Sir John, at first ineffectually, urged that the Colonel had better wait where he was till a chaise could be procured from Studham, as it must necessarily pass through Teynton on its way to the village where Charles Abberley was. In a few moments Colonel Abberley allowed the reasonableness of this plan; a servant was dispatched on horseback to Studham; Sir John's carriage was sent to bring Mrs. Abberley, and Robert Morley went with it: Sir John's attention being fully required by his friend, who, indeed, seemed in a state bordering on distraction. By degrees he learnt the application which Charles Abberley had made to his father—the refusal of the latter to part with that which his conscience reproached him for retaining—the struggle which he had experienced before he could make up his mind to continue in possession—

the joy he had felt when the voice of warning was silenced—and now, the consequence.

What comfort it was in the power of Sir John to bestow, he willingly and tenderly gave; and the miserable proprietor of the abbey lands listened with something like a returning gleam of hope.

"Hear me, Sir John Morley," he said at length; "if it shall please GOD to restore my son to me, freely and joyfully will I give up those lands, or their purchase money, to His service: and I take you to witness of this, that you may turn against me, if in the day of prosperity I forget the vow of my adversity."

"I trust and pray," said his friend, "that the bitterness of this stroke may pass from you; I think that the step you have now taken is the most likely one to bring down God's blessing on you; at least, you have done your duty. But now, you must not neglect means. You will pass through Rushton. You know how celebrated a physician Dr. Seymour is. Had you not better take him on with you? Very probably the medical advice at Overton is not first-rate."

"Thank you, Sir John, thank you. Your kindness and presence of mind I am sure I shall never forget. I will not fail to do so."

"And I hope you will let me have the earliest intelligence you can. If my presence on the spot would be of any service or comfort to you, do not fail to let me know. I will most gladly come."

Late that evening, Colonel Abberley, his lady, and Dr. Seymour, were rapidly passing over a bleak common which was the boundary between Overton and the next village. The Colonel's spirits were sunk to the lowest ebb of depression; the evening, wild and rainy, seemed to suit well with the errand on which he came; so far as the uncertain flash of the lamp showed the features of the moor, there were old deserted pits, sullen pools, heaps of stones piled in fantastical shapes, and the most thorough desolation which the imagination could fancy.

"Thank GOD!" said the physician at length, "we are nearly in. I can see the lights of the village. Now, my dear sir, let me beg you for your son's sake to command yourself a little; your excellent lady here sets you an admirable pattern. I hope and trust things will be better than you expect: accidents of this kind have often occurred in the course of my practice, looking ugly enough at first, but attended with no worse consequence than a scar. Besides, let the worst come to the worst, while there's life there's hope."

"Ah, if there only *be* life!" said Mrs. Abberley, as the carriage suddenly stopped at the parsonage gate.

"Stop! my man," said Dr. Seymour. "Don't ring the bell. We'll do nothing that can disturb the patient. Make yourself quite easy, my dear madam; I see lights—so the windows cannot be shut."

"How is my son?" cried Colonel Abberley, leap-

ing out of the carriage, as Mr. Sanders came to the gate.

"He is living;" replied the Rector.

"Sensible?"

"No. He has not been since the accident."

"What advice have you had?" asked the physician.

"Mr. Smythe of Roxwich is here, sir: we have called in no other advice, because he said he had done all that could be done."

"Is he in the house?"

"In Mr. Abberley's room."

"Tell him, will you be so kind? that Dr. Seymour is here, and would be glad to see him. Don't go up yet, Colonel Abberley; I should like to see the patient first."

"Walk into the parlour, sir," said Mr. Sanders; who, though not a clever, was a kind-hearted man. "I'll settle with the boy. If you will come into my study, Dr. Seymour, Mr. Smythe shall step down there."

The Colonel and his wife passed a quarter of an hour in miserable suspense. One or two books and trifles which were Charles's, and still were lying where he had left them, called him up to their minds as having occupied, in all his health and strength, that same room but a few hours before. A large folio on a side table attracted Colonel Abberley's attention; he opened it, from the vague impulse of doing something; it was Spelman's HISTORY OF

SACRILEGE. Mr. Sanders entered at the same moment.

"I have left the physicians together," he said: "they will not be long. Ah! that book was a great favourite of your son's, Colonel Abberley; he spent many hours in studying it last Christmas. But, my dear sir, you are faint! Let me get you a glass of wine. I beg your pardon, Mrs. Abberley, for being so inhospitable. I will send my old servant to you; and then you must really exert yourself to take something."

Colonel Abberley had waited by himself a few minutes longer, when Dr. Seymour and Mr. Smythe entered.

"Well, my dear sir," said the former, after introducing him to the other, "I will be candid with you. It is a very bad case; but, with GOD'S blessing, I think we shall get over it. I have rubbed through worse before now: so I dare say you have, Mr. Smythe."

"Certainly, sir: but I feel it a great comfort to have your experience in so delicate a matter."

"Two heads are better than one, certainly; but you will be glad to hear that Mr. Smythe has done, Colonel Abberley, exactly what I should have done myself had I been on the spot from the very first. We are both, however, agreed that we cannot allow you or your lady to visit Mr. Abberley to-night. The fever runs very high, and there is a considerable aberration of mind; anything which might increase

the latter must be carefully avoided. We shall try to-night to bring down the fever, if we can; and I trust to-morrow, you may be able to see him."

"But if," said the Colonel, "any sudden turn of the disease should prevent my ever seeing him—"

"You need be under no apprehension of any immediate result. There may be no change at all till the seventh day; and these cases often run on to the fourteenth or one and twentieth. Indeed, I will tell you plainly, that we can do very little in this kind of attack. We can only help nature—she must fight the battle for herself: we watch the efforts she makes to relieve herself, and assist them as we can. Your son has everything on his side; youth, and health, and strength, and temperate habits: and I trust in God he'll do very well yet."

That was such a night as Colonel Abberley had never before passed. The rain and wind was not more violent without, than the agitation of his mind within. He heard all the particulars of the accident from his son's friend; and found a little relief in relating to Mrs. Abberley that which pressed most heavily on his mind, his son's application and his own refusal.

For ten days did the sufferer seem to hang between life and death: on the tenth, in the afternoon, he fell into an uneasy sleep, which, as Dr. Seymour assured his parents, would form the crisis of the disease. Colonel Abberley sat by the bedside, and watched every motion and respiration; you might

almost have heard a pin fall through the house, so great was its quiet: Dr. Seymour occupied himself by waiting in the study, and the Rector was engaged in the parish. So hour after hour rolled on; and still Charles Abberley slept. The Colonel felt as if he had never before known the meaning of prayer; and ever and anon, as he looked at his son, he imagined that his breathing was more easy, and his countenance calmer.

Late at night Dr. Seymour was summoned to the sick room, with the intelligence that Mr. Abberley was awake, and sensible; and when he left it, it was to assure his father, that unless a relapse should occur, he thought the danger entirely over.

CHAPTER XII.

But many of the Priests and Levites, and chief of the fathers, who were ancient men, that had seen the first house, when the foundations of this house were laid before their eyes, wept with a loud voice; and many shouted aloud for joy.
EZRA iii. 12.

"Now that we have Charles again amongst us," said Col. Abberley to Sir John Morley, "gaining strength every day, it is high time that I should be thinking of the best way of carrying my design about Ayton Priory into execution."

"You are aware, of course," replied his friend, "that only a part of the estate which now goes under the name of Ayton Priory is in reality abbey land. Additions have been made to it, I believe, at several different times; and it will in the first place be necessary to discover exactly what these are."

"I think I have done so," answered Col. Abberley. "The abbey estate is not so large as I imagined; and, truly, I am sorry for it; for after the mercy I have just received, I feel that all I

have would be a poor acknowledgment of my sense of it."

"Now, may I ask, in what way do you intend to use this property?"

"I will answer by another question. What do you think of the re-establishment of monasteries?"

"If you ask me," said Sir John, "as one layman and friend may ask another, for a private opinion, by which I wish nobody to be influenced, I will very willingly tell you. I not only think that it would be one of the greatest blessings which could be conferred on the English Church, but that it is one of those things which will, sooner or later, be done in some way or other. At the same time, no one is more conscious than myself of the immense difficulties attending the design."

"Many have occurred to me," answered Col. Abberley. "But what strike you as the most formidable?"

"The whole question of vows; their nature, extent, and stringency; the degree to which religious houses should be subject to parochial superintendence; the nature of the Daily Services; the discipline. These are four considerations, involving difficulties innumerable."

"The question of vows seems to me one of the hardest. For my own part, I cannot even imagine a satisfactory conclusion to it."

"It is fortunate for us that we are not called upon to do so. In the first place, it seems to me that

vows for life are out of the question, at least in the present state of the Church. At the same time, I can hardly imagine a monastick establishment without vows. For it might so happen, that such an one would be all at once broken up: there being nothing to bind any member of it to such a life for a moment longer than it might suit his fancy. Again, a man might enter himself as an inmate of the house, and after taking up his abode in it, might find after a trial of two or three days, that the system 'did not suit him,' and consequently might take his departure: now this would evidently throw ridicule over the whole thing."

"We do not, however, in point of fact find," said Col. Abberley, "that the fellows of colleges, who make the nearest approximation to monks, are in such a hurry to free themselves from college discipline; they generally remain in that situation—where the time is shortest—for two or three years."

"And very naturally," replied Sir John. "In the first place, they are making money; in the second, many of them are waiting for college livings; in the third, wherein are they at all touched by discipline? They live just as they please; they go when and where they please; they are resident or non-resident as they please; in short they have the most complete freedom that any man could possibly covet. But, if the case were different; were there even that discipline which it was the intention of the founders of such institutions to establish, I think

you would find, that even in spite of the income and other advantages, college-fellowships would be held for a very short time. Now in monastick institutions, without any inducements, I mean of a worldly nature, to remain, and with occurrences, daily and hourly, to infringe on personal tastes and wishes, I fear, unless novices were bound to stay for a certain period, the same week would often see the beginning and the end of their adoption of a religious life."

"But would there not," asked the Colonel, "be a certain disgrace, even in the eye of the world, attached to such a course of proceeding? Would it not incur the same ridicule, that laying the hand to the plough and looking back always does?"

"Not sufficiently, I think, to deter men from a change of mind. You are to take into consideration, too, when the inducements to do this would be strongest. At the very time that the disagreeable part of the change would be most strongly felt, its advantages would be least understood, for there would not have been time to perceive and to appreciate them. Besides, is it not a fact, that the monastick system has never been without its vows? Who are we, that we should turn eclecticks in a matter, which the experience of the Church has tried for so great a number of years? Are we wiser than the early Fathers, who never dreamt of the system, as of a thing which could be taken up and laid down at any moment? No; a monastery with-

out vows would be little better than a religious hotel; where apartments might be taken by the day, or the week, as occasion might serve. Let us, at all events, be serious and in earnest: do not let us play at the conventual system; let us show that we feel the entering on a life of peculiar devotion and self-discipline to be a matter that requires some further deliberation and determination, and preparation of heart, than the merest change of abode, or alteration in our methods of housekeeping."

"But are there not many who would willingly, were they not shackled, take up a religious life, who, if they knew that they must continue in it a certain number of months or years, would find the very same life an intolerable burden? Ought we not to modify our system for such?"

"Would not the doing so be yielding, and that in a matter of religion, to one of the very worst impulses of human nature; the impatience of constraint, which you may see in most actions of men, from the cradle to the grave? Does the Church act so? You might as well argue—people do argue so—far better to leave a child to himself as to what course of life he will pursue: if he becomes a virtuous man, let it be from his own free conviction that it is better to be virtuous; not from motives of compulsion or terror, which render that which might be an action of generosity, one of slavish fear, and so deprive it of merit. But the Church makes the child, at the very first, bind itself by a promise of serving God: and

as if that were not enough, She binds that child again, by another vow, when he is come to years of discretion."

"I was perhaps using rather a popular argument, than one to which I should myself attach much importance," said Col. Abberley: "at the same time, you must allow that the very notion of a vow would frighten many from having any thing to do with the system."

"So be it," said Sir John Morley: "such faint-hearted servers of GOD we may well be content to lose. Take this view of the case: a man enters an establishment of the kind we are mentioning: he is sensible that it is an excellent discipline for him: he is equally sensible that there is much in it which, as people say, goes against the grain. He balances and hesitates whether he shall continue to stay or not, and the unsettled state of mind in which he is, prevents him from deriving any real advantage. Did he know that he must stay a certain time, whether he preferred it or not, he would set himself to reap all the advantages from the moral culture, and brace himself up to bear the discipline. An example of a similar kind we may often see. A young man is sent to college: he is under the authority of others, and knows that whether he likes the kind of life or not, he must for a certain space of time bear it. At first, probably, he makes a virtue of necessity: in time, he thoroughly enjoys that which was primarily forced upon him. But one in later life, and who is his own

master, knows he may please himself about taking his degree: the consequence is, he loses infinite time in thinking whether he will do so or not; and the chances are, he never does."

"Still," said Col. Abberley, "you would limit the time of the vow."

"I would decidedly," said his friend, "in the present state of things, whatever I might do in a different age and under different circumstances. I should fix two limits; say three months, and five years: under, and beyond which, a vow might not be taken. Of course, when one was expired, it would be very possible to take a second. Thus, when the allotted time came to a close, the party who had taken the vow would be able to look back on the advantage he had derived, and the improvement he had gained from his former course, and according as he thought that it would be more for his advantage, and the glory of GOD, that he should continue the contemplative, or return to the active, life; so he would be free to act."

"But this plan would, it seems to me, deprive monasteries of one great advantage, which you were mentioning when we last spoke on the subject, and which then made a great impression on me; I mean, the being asylums for those, who in consequence of domestick or other affliction; or in order to observe more profitably such a season as Lent, or Advent; wished to retire awhile from the world, and to pass a certain season in stricter and more uninterrupted devotion."

"I would by no means hinder such a proceeding: such persons might be admitted for a short time at the discretion of the superior, who also would allow them a necessary latitude in comparison with the brethren."

"In what particulars, then, do you think it would be practicable to revive discipline, and how would your monastery be supported and carried on?"

"In imagining such an establishment, it is necessary to clothe one's ideas in some palpable form, in order that they may have reality and body. It would be better, at first, probably, that such houses should be small. We will imagine one intended for a prior, or superior, or whatever you may choose to term him, and twelve brethren. The parts of the building which would be indispensable, would be, a chapel, a library, a hall, or refectory, a general parlour, an infirmary, a lodge for the prior, a porter's lodge, and two cells for each of the brethren. To which I should like to add, one or two rooms for the reception of strangers (for I would not have hospitality neglected), and cloisters."

The cost of such a building would not be much. The endowment should be something of this kind. Every one who entered the monastery, be he poor or rich, should live solely and entirely at the expense of the house: for private property, though it could not be relinquished, must be for the time that a monastick life is taken up, laid aside. The rich man would be expected to devote some part of his wealth, either to

the library, or the buildings, or the provision for the poor; or perhaps he might found one or two more brethren's places. The management of his money must be undertaken for him by some friend, and he must, personally, derive no advantage from it. The poor brothers, on the contrary, would receive the benefits of the institution without any remuneration. Supposing the building complete, and the library tolerably furnished, the endowment would consist; firstly, of a sum sufficient for the maintenance of the brethren, and of the servants. Every meal, except in case of sickness, or of leave from the master, would be taken in the refectory. The servants—of course men—would be few: as four, including the gardener and the porter, would be amply sufficient; and they would attend the services, and to a certain degree share in the discipline, of the brethren. The fare would at all times be simple; on fasts and vigils it would be restricted as the superior should direct. A certain number of poor, as the funds would allow, would receive food at the porter's gate daily. These items would form one principal account in the income. The superior would have a salary, say of £300, or £400 a year; because it would be highly desirable that he should be able, in case the interests of his own house, or of the Church required it, to take a journey for the purpose of obtaining information, consulting libraries, giving and receiving advice, &c. Still, this expense, though desirable, would not be necessary. The brethren would each receive a small

stipend for the purpose of clothing themselves; that being their only expense. It would be desirable that the dress of all should be the same: probably, that of our clergy, with the constant addition of the cap and gown. This, I think, with a slight annual charge for reparation would constitute the expense."

"How should you propose that the services should be managed?"

"The superior, and one of the brethren, should of necessity be priests; I would also have a deacon. At first, the Daily Service of the Church would probably be all that the Bishop would authorize. He might, however, according to the Rubrick, allow the Litany to be said daily. Thus four services would be provided. Supposing that Matins were said daily at six A.M.; the Litany at nine; the Holy Communion administered at twelve; and Vespers said at six: what an angelical life would such an one be, compared with those which are now led; though, I confess, falling short of those advantages which a more extensive ritual would supply. And probably, in time, a form of Compline might be authorized; that is the service we most need; or perhaps the use of certain psalms at certain hours might be established by competent authority. I would have the whole service choral; at the first establishment of the monastery every one of the brethren should be trained to chaunt; and that would suffice once for all: inasmuch as new comers would be instructed by the already existing body of choristers. There would,

also, be an organ. The chapel would be very small; but, so far as it went, it should be perfect. The nave would be for strangers and for the servants; six misereres would be seen on each side of the choir; there would be lectern, and prayer-desk, and the like, of course; and in an establishment of this kind, the re-introduction of copes would come almost naturally. The brethren might meet in the hall, and so, with the superior, enter the chapel at once, instead of dropping in as it might happen. It should always stand open for private prayer: and the superior, by setting the example himself, would soon remove that unwillingness to pray in publick, which, from the wrong acting of a right motive, would at first be felt. I would have it lighted at night till the brethren had retired; that all might be able to have access to it in committing themselves to God for the night."

"You have spoken several times," said Colonel Abberley, "of the discipline of your establishment. In what, do you imagine, would it consist?"

"In the first place," answered Sir John Morley, "in a strict observance, not only of the fasts, but also, for those in good health—a matter to be judged of by the superior—of the vigils of our Church. Then, I think that silence, either at such a given time every day, or on some particular day, would be found very serviceable. Again, the complete separation from the world would be in itself continual discipline. For there could be no mixing in society at all without leave of the superior; all newspapers, maga-

zines, and other periodicals, should be strictly prohibited. He, indeed, would be supplied with them; because it would be important to him to be well acquainted with the movements taking place in the Church. I am inclined also to think, that all letters should pass through his hands. He, too, would regulate the time of rising and retiring to rest, the hour and measure of daily exercise, and other minutiæ of the same kind: without his leave no one must presume to pass the gate. All these little things, in which one's own will must be given up, would form a very excellent exercise of self-denial."

"And what would the principal employments be?"

"The library ought," replied Sir John, "to contain the best editions of the works of all the Fathers, and of our own principal divines. Besides these, there would be the best ecclesiastical histories; the leading volumes in the principal controversies, even of those which are now less commonly read. For example, I would have a collection of the best pamphlets put forth in that stormy period, the beginning of the seventeenth century, on the nature and rights of convocation, the power of the lower house, and so forth. How invaluable would a knowledge of them be, should we live to see convocations once more assembled! Then, those who were equal to the work, might be employed by the superior in editing scarce works of our own divines, or in translating and bringing out editions of separate treatises of the

Fathers. What would be their connexion with the poor depends, in great measure, on the view we take of the subordination of these houses to the parish priest. Now, I am well aware that the general feeling among those who have paid any attention to the subject, would make the monastery a part of the parish; would place the superior completely in the power of the Clergyman. I may be wrong—but my own opinion is opposed to this. In the first place, the reverse of wrong is not right. The old system, by which abbeys were exempted from episcopal jurisdiction, was totally indefensible: but, because we allow that, do not let us err too much on the other side. I would have the superior in all cases nominated by the Bishop, who should be *ex-officio* visitor of the house, and therefore competent to remove its head in case of ill conduct or lax discipline. But to make the parish priest another visitor, what is it but to introduce a new order of men into the Church? Here would be an instance of priests exercising visitatorial power over priests, in a manner quite unprecedented. It is true, we have Archdeacons, who, being priests, have a kind of authority over their equals. But the case is different: in the first place, they do it as the 'bishop's eyes'; in the next place, they are appointed by him, and, of course, chosen on account of their superior zeal, learning, activity, or prudence. But, and it is important to observe it, these visiting priests *would not be appointed by the*

Bishop. They would become so *ex-officio*, in consequence of the religious house being locally situate in their cures. I need not point out to you what extraordinary consequences might be the result. It might happen that a young man, without any experience even in parochial duty, far less endowed with any knowledge of the end, aim, and bearing of the institution which would, in a certain sense, be under his charge, might be called on to act as visitor towards a house, the superior and perhaps some of the inmates of which were aged priests, learned, and tried, and experienced. How painful a situation for the visitor! Still, I allow, that so far as the brethren have any connexion with the poor of the parish, they must be under the controul of the parish priest exclusively. But if he and the superior both feel that they are engaged in 'driving,' as Bp. Montague wrote to Abp. Laud, 'towards the same end, though not by the same means,' they will easily adjust the manner in which the services of the brethren may be employed. If the parish be large or over-peopled, the priest will find himself provided with more than one additional curate; and the bodily wants of the poor would be relieved daily at the monastery, preference being given, of course, to those who were recommended by the parish priest. If the funds would allow it, an infirmary should be attached to the institution, where the poor should be taken in and attended; at least, this should be the case in large towns and manufacturing districts. There might

also be a school, which the brethren would, by turns, instruct."

"You said just now," said Colonel Abberley, "that, for the time of a man's living in the abbey, he was to derive no advantage from his private property. You do not, I suppose, mean that he may not, during that period, give away what he pleases in charity."

"Undoubtedly he may; only it should go through the hands of the superior, and not come immediately from himself."

"But there are many local calls," returned the other, "on his benevolence, of which the superior, as being at a distance, could know nothing, and on the merits of which he would not be competent to decide; what is to be done in this case?"

"Why," replied Sir John, "those who have most local calls, large landed proprietors, would not be the fittest inmates for such a house, because they could be serving GOD better by a life of active benevolence among their tenantry and dependents. Still, where a man feels himself bound to bestow his charity on any particular village, or neighbourhood, he would leave directions that a certain sum should be given to the priest or priests of the place in question, to be expended annually on those whom he or they might consider the most deserving objects of charity. All accustomed annual subscriptions would also be continued. Any other money to be expended in charity would then be placed in the

superior's hands, either to be laid out on the general good of the Church, or put at the disposal of the parish priest."

"I am the more disposed to agree with you with respect to the freedom of the house from the controul of the latter," said Colonel Abberley, "because there is, I think, an analogy, in support of your view, which you have not mentioned. Grammar schools, though the master takes, or should take, a licence from the Bishop to teach, are in no wise under the management of the parish clergyman. No one looks on this as an infringement of the parochial system."

"Very true," said Sir John. "But you are aware that there are writers who have gone so far as to call the whole monastick system essentially anti-episcopal: who class together, with as much folly as falsehood, 'Puritan and monastick schism,' and who tell us with the utmost gravity, that the great end of Romanism was to break down the distinctions between the clergy and laity[1]. However, it is equally true that the same writer, with as much gravity, tells us in another place, that chancels were designed to foster the extravagant notions held by Romanism as to the superior sanctity of the clergy above the laity. We need not give ourselves much trouble with one who thus spares us the pains of contradicting his statements by doing it for himself. Indeed, I only mentioned the thing to show the rooted antipathy which

[1] British Magazine, Nov. 1842.

men, professing veneration for antiquity, how truly I am not concerned to say, have towards the institutions which we are now discussing."

"Such opposition, however," said Col. Abberley gravely, "ought not to have much weight against the arguments which may be brought on the other side."

"No, indeed," answered Sir John. "And now, to end what I have to say in answer to your first question, by mentioning two great advantages which would immediately arise from the re-institution of religious houses. Consider the immense sums now necessarily spent by every man of a certain property in supporting a decent external appearance! For every year that such an one was the inmate of a monastery, the whole of this might be devoted to charity. I am quite aware that a political economist would contradict me *in toto*, as to the advantage or expediency of such a step; and tell me that it would be better to employ the butcher, the baker, and the fishmonger, the groom and the butler, the cook and the housemaid, than to expend the same sums on those, who by profuse charity might be encouraged in idleness. But I am *not* a political economist (in the Edinburgh Review sense of the word), and I cannot forget that we are commanded to do good, hoping for nothing again. The other advantage is one which it is impossible to dispute. There are many young men, designed for Holy Orders, and wishing to prepare themselves for their work before

they enter on it, who, at the close of their college career, find themselves without the hope of a fellowship, but anxious, if possible, to acquire some, at least, elementary knowledge of Divinity, anxious to be put on a right course of reading, and to be able to have access to the best editions of standard divines. All this they might, to be sure, get at Cambridge or Oxford; but they have not the money to enable them to stay there, unless they take pupils; and if they take pupils, then they have not the time to pursue their Divinity studies. If they go home, their time is broken in upon, or, at least, they have not access to any well-stored library. They end, therefore, by pupillizing, perhaps, for a year or two; they fall into habits of life by no means fitting them for their future profession, and they at length enter into Holy Orders, when they are fully as little prepared for them intellectually as, and perhaps less so morally than, when they first took their degrees. Would not a monastery come in well in such a case as this, supplying habits of self-discipline, an able instructor in a course of reading, access to the ordinances of the Church in their perfection, quiet, undisturbed leisure, and (it might be) some insight into the working of a parish?"

Colonel Abberley was silent for some time, and then said: "If then, Sir John, I wished to carry so promising a design into execution, by re-appropriating Ayton Priory to its original use, how would you advise me to set about the task?"

"In the first place," replied Sir John, "I would have you well and wisely count the cost of such a proceeding; I do not mean literally, but metaphorically. You hardly can calculate on the amount of disgust, and hatred, and enmity, which you will raise. If you feel that you have courage for this, if you have weighed the good of the deed against the suffering which it will occasion, if your heart is set on rendering this service to our Mother the Church, why then, in GOD's name, write to the Bishop. Lay all your wishes before him: tell him what you will be able to settle on the institution, and request him to take the whole thing on his own hands. I think he will not say nay. If he does, your duty as a Churchman is clear; to give up all further idea of the step, and to lay out the money arising from the sale of the abbey lands, (either keeping them in your own possession, or parting with them, as you please,) to some other charitable use. If he consents to the plan, you, of course, must leave its details entirely to him. In that case, the only thing in which you can with propriety interfere, will be the restoration of the fabrick. It's working you would not wish to have anything to do with."

"I will take your advice," said the Colonel, "and that without loss of time. But, if he refuses his consent, and I devote the money to some other end, the look of the abbey standing in my own grounds will be what I shall hardly like."

"You will then, however, have no possible share

in the original sacrilege, and may be a better guardian to the fabrick than any one else would be. But, if the Bishop consents, I hope we shall not lose you from the neighbourhood?"

"I have not the least intention of quitting it," replied Colonel Abberley, "if I can meet with a house. But I must really be riding home. One word more, Sir John. Charles, of course, told me what passed between you and himself some months ago. He is now wild to see you again on the same subject. If your answer would be the same, I had rather he were spared the pain of an interview."

"Tell him," said Sir John, with a smile, "that I shall be delighted to see him any time to-morrow morning."

CHAPTER XIII.

> And now to speake, as in finalle,
> Touching thende that I undertooke
> In English for to make a booke,—
> That stant twixt earnest and game;
> I have it made, as thilke same,
> Which asketh for to be excused,
> And that my boke be not refused
> For thilke schole of eloquence:
> Belongeth not to my science
> Upon the forme of rhetorike
> My wordes for to peint and pike.
>
> GOWER. *Confessio Amantis.*

"If you can get *her* consent, Mr. Abberley," said Sir John Morley, after a long *tête-à-tête* in the study of the latter, "I will not refuse mine. As I said, the only objection that I had against you has been completely removed by the noble conduct of your father: and you are quite free to plead your own cause."

Of this permission Charles Abberley was not slow in availing himself; and in the course of an hour, after some tears, and more smiles, the matter was looked on as definitively arranged. Colonel Abber-

ley's company to dinner was requested and given: and while Robert Morley and his mother were, or appeared to be, so deeply engaged in interesting discourse as to have no time for anything else, and Charles and Catherine were too much taken up with each other to wish for more general conversation, Sir John and his friend had ample time for discussing not only the event of that day, but the design which Colonel Abberley had mentioned on the preceding evening. On the whole, it was concluded that Sir John Morley, as being intimately acquainted with the Bishop, should lay before him the proposed scheme with respect to the monastery. He intended, in the same letter, to request him to fix some day about Midsummer for the consecration of the church, as its nave would then be completed, although the tower would still be a work of time; and both the fathers agreed that the day of the dedication would also be well suited for that of the proposed marriage, which the Bishop should be requested to perform himself. The answer to this application was eagerly expected by both parties; and on receiving it, Sir John Morley lost no time in communicating it to his friend. With respect to the consecration, the Bishop fixed it for the Feast of S. John Baptist; at the marriage he would also be most happy to officiate. As to the other scheme, he requested time to think, and to consult upon, a matter of so much importance, but promised to give a decided answer when he should visit Monk Teynton.

"You have every reason to be satisfied," was Sir John's comment: "the Bishop, had he intended to give a decided negative, would not have taken time to consider; and you could hardly expect him to consent at once to such a scheme, without taking time to consider its difficulties, or acquaint himself with its advantages."

The spring months wore away: and, as whatever news Monk Teynton afforded was sure to come into the possession of Mrs. Laxington, we will trust to her for a full and fair exposition of them.

"My dear Lady Morley," she said in the course of a morning call, "what beautiful spring weather, to be sure! I never saw Teynton looking better. I only hope it may last. Well! and I suppose you are beginning to get ready for your grand doings next month; I am sure you must have enough to do, if it were only in ordering the breakfast and dinner on *the* day. Why, I suppose there'll be half the county with you. Really, it is very generous in Sir John to keep open house then, as one may call it. I suppose you know that Mr. Trenton and Mr. Jupp don't approve of consecrating churches at all—they say it's Popish—but do you know, Lady Morley, I begin to think there isn't quite so much in what they say about that matter as I once did. Everything that they don't approve is Popish now-a-days; for my own part, I think Mr. Trenton's more like a pope than any man in the village. You know he is quite the support of Mr. Jupp's chapel, and has

everything there quite his own way, for Mr. Jupp does not dare move his little finger without leave. Well! and Sally Jupp, a good natured girl she is, was telling me the other day that her father preached a sermon on the rich man and Lazarus; next day, Mr. Trenton sent down to say that if he ever heard such a sermon at Cave Adullam again, he would never set foot in it. I think really this is too bad—don't you? Why, there is not much liberty for Dissenters, after all, if this is to be the way of going on. For my own part, I mean to stick to the good old fashions—I'm getting rather tired of new-fangled ways."

"I hope, Mrs. Laxington," said Lady Morley, guessing what was the object of her neighbour's call, "that we shall have the pleasure of seeing you both at breakfast and dinner on that day."

"Really now, Lady Morley, you're too good! I'm sure I shall be most happy. I thought very likely you might ask me to the breakfast; for I said, I don't think that Lady Morley will forget an old friend, I said, who has always wished her and her family well. But more than that I really did not look for. However, I shall be most glad to come; and if I can be of any use in helping you beforehand, you know I've nothing to do but to assist my friends. And talking of wishing you well, I'm glad to hear that that nasty chapel that plagued Mr. Morley so is going to be given up."

"Indeed!" said Lady Morley: "I had not heard

that; indeed we see George so seldom, on account of the Confirmation which is coming on, that I know nothing whatever of Studham news just now."

"Why thus it is," answered the other: "I must know all about it, for I had it from Miss Tibbs, and she's a particular friend of Mrs. O'Donagough. Mr. O'Donagough, you know, preached at the chapel to the people's great liking. I don't know how many presents he did not have forced on him, as it were, and the seats were crammed as full as they would hold, and there were police at the doors every Sunday evening because the pickpockets swarmed there. Last of all, he ended by marrying the daughter of old Alexander, the banker, and a pretty fortune she brings him: her father was mad about it, but it was no use; she would and did have her own way. Well, as soon as she had got matters settled, she told Mr. O'Donagough that he must give up his chapel, and settle in London, else she would have nothing to do with him. He was glad enough to do it; because, they say, there had been some little falling off in the pew rents, since his affair with Miss Alexander had been talked of: how that was I can't say, but so it was, he gave up, and I believe is becoming a very popular preacher in town. Of course they had to choose somebody else: and there were two candidates that the trustees could not decide between; there were half on one side, and half on the other. Then they threw the matter open to all the pew holders; and there was such canvassing, and begging,

and scraping as you never saw. At last one was elected by a very small majority: then all those who had been against him, gave up their seats, and the thing would not pay. So they offered it to Mr. Morley at a very reasonable rate; but he would have nothing to do with it; and the dissenters gave a good round sum for it: so they let them have it."

George Morley, a few days after, confirmed the above account; the High-street chapel had been offered to him for £1500. But, in the first place (though he had already raised a larger sum than this for the building of a new church, which, as we said before, was much wanted), the unecclesiastical character of the building would have been a sufficient objection; besides which, the situation was far too near the old church to render it desirable. It was at Ferncombe, one of the outlying hamlets, that he proposed to erect the new church.

Every thing connected with that of Ayton went on in the most flourishing manner. Carving, and touching, and retouching, were finished at the proper time. The only misfortune which occurred in the undertaking being, that in moving the font into the church, the dray was upset, and the carved work so materially injured, that Sir John Morley determined on providing another.

"Does Charles dine here to-day?" he enquired of his daughter, some few days before that fixed for the wedding.

"I think he said that he should," answered Catherine.

"I only asked, because his father and mother are coming. Col. Abberley and I have business this evening, which will probably occupy us till late; so let tea and coffee be sent to us in my study."

This was accordingly done: and the friends (the legal business connected with the marriage having been previously settled) found themselves at leisure to talk of the scheme which they intended to submit to the bishop, respecting the endowment of the abbey. Sir John himself had been a liberal benefactor, inasmuch as he had incurred less expense at Ayton church than he had anticipated, from the presents of stained glass, church-plate, and the like, which had flowed in upon him.

In the middle of their discussion, a gentleman was announced as desirous of speaking to Sir John Morley, and Mr. Wingfield made his appearance.

"Very sorry to intrude, sir," he said, "but my name's Wingfield: I live at Studham. I wanted to have a few words with you, sir."

"I will leave you then," said Col. Abberley, rising, "for a few moments."

"No objection to your hearing, sir, all I've got to say. Coming through Ayton just now, Sir John, I heard that your grand font was smashed. They tell me you have let several gentlemen give some one thing, some another, to your church: if you'll allow me, I've a fancy to give the new font."

"I am sure your offer is very liberal," said Sir John, "and I will be the last to deprive any one of the honour of contributing to GOD's house. But perhaps you are not aware of the expense?"

"All's one to me," said Mr. Wingfield: "ten pounds or a hundred, I don't care. Thank you, Sir John, thank you: let me know when it's to be paid for, and my name's not Tom Wingfield, if I don't pay for it. Good night, sir."

"Won't you take a cup of tea, Mr. Wingfield, before you go."

"Never drink tea," replied the other: "hear it's bad for the nerves. Good night, Sir John, and thank you!"

"Who is this singular old gentleman?" asked Col. Abberley.

Sir John related his history, and reminded his friend of the proceedings in which he bore so conspicuous a part in the Musical Festival. "It is very gratifying to me," said Sir John, "to see the number of offerings to GOD from different hands which adorn Ayton church. GOD bless all who have contributed them!"

And now, what have we more to tell? Others may fancy, better than we can describe, the cloudlessness of that festival of S. John Baptist: the fulfilment of the adage predicting blessedness to the bride that the sun shines on: the congratulations, and smiles, and tears; the procession to Ayton church, the general holiday of the country round, the

filling of its deep chancel by surpliced priests—the press of worshippers in the nave—the crowds without —the choral service—the anthem, "the heaven, and the heaven of heavens cannot contain THEE, how much less this house!"—the numbers that pressed to the Holy Communion—the astonishing sums bestowed at the offertory. Nor shall we relate, how, a small cannon being planted on the top of Ayton Hill, as soon as the benediction was given, and the consecration complete, a signal was made by firing it, to the churches of both Teynton and Studham, both of which possessed heavy rings of bells: and from both, at the appointed notice, such a peal of treble bob majors rung out, as was chronicled on the walls of the belfry of each church, for ever. We may mention, however, that so much sensation was created by the ceremony, as to induce the Wesleyans, shortly after, to perform the Consecration Service in their new meeting at Studham: the local preacher arraying himself with a surplice, and acting the part of the bishop[1].

From the door of Ayton church, Mr. and Mrs. Abberley took their departure: the rest moved in a kind of procession back to Teynton Park. And here we might, were we so disposed, relate at length how the poor were feasted in the open air; how "O the Roast Beef of Old England," summoned them to

[1] This is a fact. It took place at Dorking, some three years ago, after the consecration of Holmwood chapel, near that town.

dinner; how God save the Queen was sung in chorus after; how the health of the bride and bridegroom was given both within doors and without; how thanks were returned, and speeches made. But the close of the day was almost as full of interest as the beginning.

In the course of the evening, the Bishop, Col. Abberley, and Sir John Morley, retired into the study of the latter.

"Now, sir," said the bishop, "I am prepared to go into the subject of the re-establishment of monasteries, and to give you my opinion with respect to your design for the restoration of Ayton Priory."

* * * * *

THE END.

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